"A DAUGHTER OF JEZEBEL, OR THE BLACKMAILERS OF GOTHAM," NEXT WEEK

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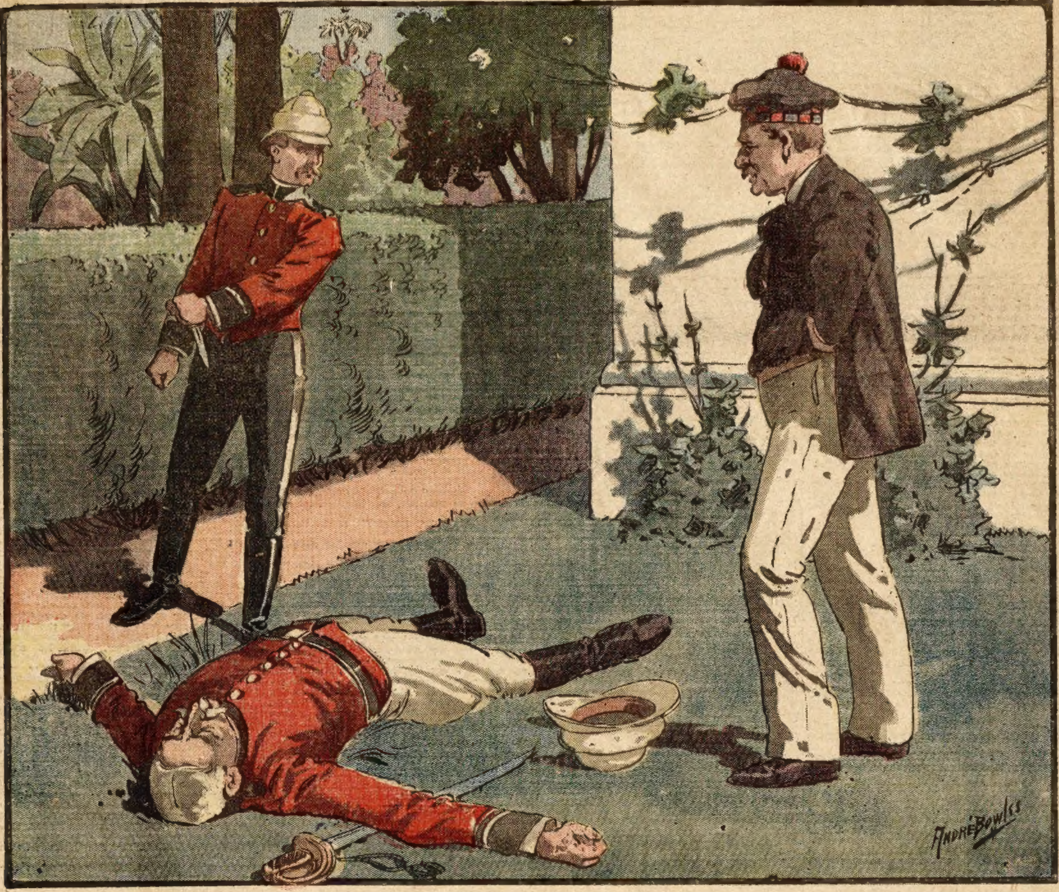
LINKS OF LOVE AND GOLD; OR, THE GREY-OSMOND DUEL.

BY COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM



"Who are you, fellow?" said Gerald sternly.

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CHAPTER I.

Two persons stood beneath the shadow of a spreading oak, and in full view of a lordly mansion rising above a forest of foliage, just tinted with the brown and golden hues of autumn.

One was a man of splendid physique, handsome, young, and an officer of the English army, though now dressed in a civilian's suit.

The other was a maiden over whose sunny-hued curls scarcely seventeen years had fallen—yet a child-woman of rare loveliness and depth of feeling, and whose faultless form was attired in a light gray robe of soft material.

In her hands she held a sun-hat and across her arm hung a Roman scarf of many colors.

But upon her fair face rested a look of earnest sadness, as her eyes were turned upward. Gazing straight into the face of her companion, she said, in soft, reproachful tones:

"It was wrong for you to come here, Gerald, after——"

The maiden paused and the soldier said, bitterly:

"Say what you intended, Ione—after my killing your Cousin Ferd in a duel."

"I did not wish to wound you, Gerald; but now that you have yourself referred to that sad affair I will speak; it was wrong of you to come here."

"I know it Ione; but I could not help it. I came to see you, to tell you with my own lips I was not to blame in that affair. Nay, more, did not the court-martial clear me yesterday? That is, they suspended me for but six months from service—a light punishment."

"Yes; a light punishment from the court-martial; but, oh, how heavy the punishment to yourself; you have taken human life, Gerald, the life of my own kindred."

"Aye, but he brought it upon himself."

"You could have avoided the meeting, Gerald?"

"You may think so, Ione; but Ferd Osmond came to me and asked if it were true that I sought your hand when it was well known that you had been his betrothed from the very cradle? I answered that it was a well-known fact that you did not love him, and only intended marrying him from a sense of duty to your father, and he asked how I knew this? I replied, stung as I was by his manner, 'From Ione's own lips.' Instantly came his answer:

"'Gerald Grey, you lie!'

"You know what followed, Ione. I knocked him down; he sent me a challenge which I accepted reluctantly, for I did not wish to face one who held the same blood in his veins that you had, with deadly intent. The first fire I spared him, although he wounded me slightly in the arm. He demanded another fire, and—I killed him."

"Would to God, Gerald, it had never happened. But, believe me, I do not blame you. I pity you and love you still; but all else of the name of Osmond hate you."

"I care little for their hate; it is your love I want, Ione; aye, and you shall yet be mine."

"I fear that dream is ended, Gerald, and your own hand broke the link. Had you waited, perhaps Cousin Ferd would have released me, and all would have been well."

"Never! I knew Ferd Osmond too well. He would never have yielded you, and thereby lost a large fortune. Death alone broke his claim upon you, Ione; but I learn that your father has been ordered to India?"

"Yes; we leave within the week."

"What! Do you go?"

"Yes; he would not leave me here, where he fears I might be kidnaped by a certain handsome young officer in the Dragoons."

"He shows sound judgment in taking you with him; but this does not thwart me, if you still love me, Ione."

"I can never love any one else, Gerald; you are all I have to love, for father is so cold and stern."

"Then, Ione, look for me within the year in India. I will exchange into your father's regiment as soon as my term of suspension is up."

"What mean you, Gerald?" cried the maiden, a glad light coming into her eyes.

"Just what I say. Within the year I will be in service in India, and then if I cannot win your father's consent to our marriage, why, I'll take you anyhow, if——"

"If what, Gerald?"

"If you remain true to me, Ione."

"I will ever be true to you, Gerald. In spite of all ill repute, all stories of your reckless, wild career, I have never doubted you."

"Bless you, my darling. Now, farewell; no, au revoir, for we will meet in India."

A tender parting followed and then with tear-dimmed eyes, Ione Osmond, the daughter of an English nobleman, watched her lover glide quietly away through the trees, mount his patiently waiting steed, and with a wafted kiss from his finger tips canter from sight down the highway.

Then, with slow step and saddened face, Ione turned and retraced her way to the lordly mansion which had been the home of the Osmonds for many generations, and where she had lived from her babyhood with her stern, cold father only to watch over her, for her mother had died when her infant daughter was but a week old.

CHAPTER II.

Lying at full length in a swinging hammock, suspended between two trees, and apparently wrapped in the enjoyment of the latest novel, while his brow was fanned by the soft breeze from the sea, Gerald seemed to have no care in life, for upon his handsome face rested no shadow to show that he was haunted by cruel memories of a green grave in a far-away land—the last resting place of Ferd Osmond.

True to his word, Gerald Grey had exchanged into another regiment, and relinquishing the delights of English life at home, had sought dangerous and arduous service in India, drawn thither by the talisman—Love.

Unmindful of the dark frown that greeted his arrival from Colonel Edgar Osmond, to whom he reported, Gerald remembered only the glad look that came upon Ione's face at sight of him, and, determined to give his noble commander no cause for complaint, he set to work at once in the discharge of his duties; and, in the three months he had been in India, the Colonel had found no chance for a reprimand, but, on the contrary, had been forced to publicly compliment him for some gallant and daring service Captain Grey had rendered against the cruel enemy.

Too good a soldier to allow personal hatred to influence him where duty was concerned, Lord Osmond had, on each occasion on which he was deserving, bestowed full praise on the young captain; but he had not forgotten the death of his nephew at the hands of that same dashing captain, and how that death had thwarted all his plans to marry his daughter to Ferd Osmond, who, solely upon his marriage with his cousin, was to inherit vast wealth from his father.

Having returned from a scout in the hills after rebellious Sepoys, and with his usual success, bringing in a number of prisoners, Gerald Grey had taken his hammock and sought a cool spot in which to lounge for the balance of the afternoon.

As he lay there, half asleep, he was suddenly aroused by voices and footsteps, approaching on the other side of a thick hedge that divided him from an unfrequented path.

"There are two of them, and I recognize the voice of Colonel Osmond. What can he want here?" muttered the young officer.

Presently the two persons halted just on the other side of the hedge from Gerald Grey, and the stern voice of the commander said, sharply:

"Again I ask, why is it I see you here?"

A coarse voice replied, sullenly:

"When I wrote to you some time since, my lord, I told you I'd visit you ere long, if you didn't send me a hundred pounds; you neglected to send it, so I'm here."

"And, why, sirrah?" sternly asked the Colonel.

"You don't mean to say you don't remember me, my lord?"

"Yes; years ago you were employed on my estate, and I discharged you for some villainy—I forget what."

"Doubtless, my lord. You discharged me because some one swore false against me. But I did you no harm; nay, I was the one wronged by you."

"Fellow, I came not here to parley with you. You asked me to come that I might hear something to my advantage, and I am here."

"Yes, my lord; but if you had not felt that you had deeply wronged me in your past deeds you would not have come."

"How have I wronged you, fellow?"

"As your memory is bad, my lord, I will refresh it. Do you remember Constance Moore?"

For an instant Gerald Grey heard no reply; then it came with a slight tremor of voice:

"Yes; she was the lodge-keeper's daughter; afterwards your wife."

"Yes; Constance Moore was the daughter of the old lodge-keeper at Osmond Hill—a beautiful girl, worthy of a better fate. Yes; she was my wife, my lord, and your mistress."

"Liar! How dare you make this assertion!"

"I tell you that which is true. Poor Constance loved you, the young and handsome noble, and refused my offer of marriage. Hold, my lord, I have a morsel of the past for you to digest—she loved you, and you would not marry a poor lodge-keeper's daughter. Oh, no! but you dragged her down to ruin——"

"Again I say, liar!"

"No; I tell the truth, my lord. You hid her shame by forcing her to marry me, for you knew how dearly I loved her."

"Fellow, I will listen to your charges no longer; I will place you under arrest, and——"

"You would do no such thing, for I would then make public all that I have to tell you."

"None would believe you."

"Yes; for I have the proofs of all I would tell. Will you hear me, my lord?"

"Go on."

"At the time that my wife gave birth to your child, my lord, your beautiful bride also brought into the world a little infant. But your little titled daughter the nurse told you could not live—it must die within a few days, she said, for it was fearfully deformed.

"Then, what did you do, my lord? Why, you knew that poor Constance was that night expected to give birth to a child, and you sent the nurse there to take care of her bribed with gold enough to keep her tongue still.

"Then all went well, for the gold made the nurse skilful in deception, and an exchange of infants was made, but two persons being the wiser besides yourself, the doctor and the old woman who aided you in your crime."

"Fellow, where have you trumped up all this story against me?" angrily cried Colonel Osmond, while Gerald Grey, in breathless interest, continued an unsuspected hearer, scarcely daring to breathe lest he should be discovered.

"You shall know all, my lord; only hear me through. My supposed child died, as had been predicted, but the other one lived, though never to be fondled by the noble lady she now believes was her mother, for your wife died within the week, as you know.

"My wife lived to mourn for her little baby, for she knew not of the deception; but poor Constance, broken-hearted at your treatment of her, and being bound to a man—myself, my lord—whom she did not love, faded slowly away, and before the year was out was laid in the grave beside the little deformed infant she believed her child.

"Then my lord, with me before your eyes to remind me of your crimes, you could not be happy at Osmond Hill, and I was discharged from your service on account of some stories trumped up against me."

"And hence you have come here with a pack of lies to force money out of me as a revenge?"

"Not exactly. I came here to tell you that before she died poor Constance confessed her sin against me; but I promised not to in any way let you know that I knew all; still, when nine years after, old Doctor Long was dying and sent for me, and I heard from him of the deception practiced upon me, it was hard for me not to take your life.

"He, Doctor Long, told me that the nurse would verify his statement, which statement I wrote out for him, and to which he affixed his signature. I then sought that old woman, and though she lives comfortably on an income you allow her, she dare not deny all, and hence I have sought you out to gain from you a sum that will support me. The world has gone hard with me, my lord. I have made no money to speak of, and I am getting along in years, so I ask of you only a little, three hundred pounds a year to support me."

"Three hundred devils! Would you rob me because you hold the upper hand?" savagely replied the Colonel.

"No; I ask only enough for my wants. Remember how you sinned against the woman I loved, and whom I believed my true wife. Besides, a word from me will deprive you of your daughter's vast wealth. I know the terms of your brother's will. His son, Ferdinand, and your daughter, Ione, were to each inherit half of his magnificent fortune which he made in this very land—if they married each other. If they refused, neither was to get a cent, but the wealth was to go to charitable objects. If one or the other refused, that one was to lose his or her share; and if one died, the other was to inherit all.

"Now, Ferdinand Osmond is dead, and it is well for your daughter's happiness he is, and she controls the entire property as soon as she is eighteen. Yes; she is just eighteen now, and doubtless has possession of it—for so read the will. You see, I am posted."

"Well, fellow, what has all this to do with the demand you make of me? My daughter's wealth is not mine."

"True; but you control it until her marriage, and do not care to see her lose all."

"How mean you, how can she lose all?"

"Why, you forget, my lord. Though Ione is your daughter, she is not legitimate; she could not inherit your brother's wealth."

"By Heaven, fellow! you are as shrewd as a London barrister. Come to my quarters tonight, and I will make the settlement on you."

"And give me a fifty-pound note to return to England on?"

"Curse you! yes."

"Thank you, my lord. I will come this evening. Good day, my lord."

Gerald Grey heard the man walk swiftly away, and then a sudden impulse seized him.

Quickly he arose from the hammock, stepped through an opening in the hedge and confronted Lord Osmond, who, with livid face turned upon him.

CHAPTER III.

"My respected Colonel, I greet you," smilingly said Gerald Grey, as he stood face to face with the pallid, trembling nobleman.

"From whence came you, sir?"

"From just beyond the hedge, my lord—from a spot in ear-shot distance to where you now stand."

"Ha! you have been playing eavesdropper, then?" savagely cried Colonel Osmond.

"I have heard all that has been said between you and the husband of Constance Moore, my lord," said Gerald, calmly, and with an emphasis upon the name of Constance Moore.

"Captain Grey, you are a scoundrel!"

Gerald bowed low as though to a compliment, and responded, quietly:

"You are doubtless a good judge, my dear Colonel, of what constitutes a scoundrel, being one yourself for many years. But I came not here to match characters with you, but to make you a proposal."

"Name it, sir," sullenly returned the commander, who seemed to feel that the captain held the advantage.

"I will do so in a few ords. First, let me say that I now know you as you are, and, like your companion who just left, I intend to force you to make me a present; but not of money, Colonel mine; it is the hand of your daughter I crave, illegitimate though she may be."

"Would you take her, knowing what she is?"

"I love her, my Colonel."

"Love her money more, you mean," sneered the nobleman.

"I do not object to the money she holds now illegally; for her sake I would not tell her that she has not claim upon the fortune left by your brother; hence I must take her as an heiress."

"Are you aware, or is your heart so hardened that you have forgotten, that a grave of your digging lies between you and her love?"

"No; I remember that Ferd Osmond dug his own grave, so to speak, and that my hand placed him in it; but I need not hug his skeleton to my heart, need not bring his ghastly form between Ione and myself. Her love will make me forget, or at least soften the remembrance that my hand killed one of her blood. You are answered, Monsieur le Colonel."

"And your answer does not change my opinion of you—you are a villain," again savagely retorted the nobleman.

"We are not here to quarrel, Colonel Osmond. You and I must have no words, for you are to be my father-in-law. Will you give me what I ask?"

"Never!"

"Yes, you will, my Colonel; you would not have me tell all I know?"

"Your love for Ione would keep you from doing that."

"No; I would first tell her all, marry her, and then make known to the world your crimes. I am not rich, as you know, but I have enough to support Ione. Will you dare me, Colonel?"

"No; you hold the winning hand, curse you!"

"Blessings, not curses, should fall on the head of an expectant son-in-law, Colonel," sneered Gerald Grey.

Then he resumed: "It will give me pleasure, Colonel, to have you call at my quarters this evening, and invite me to your house, where I can meet the lovely Ione. Then matters will run smoothly on, and she will become my wife, and you will give the bride away, you know. The world will talk, of course. London society will wonder how Ione and myself could join hands in matrimony across a grave, and perhaps condemn you, dear Colonel, for permitting it; but then it will be only a nine days' wonder, and few will dare question the haughty and stern Lord Edgar Osmond as to his reasons for giving his daughter to the man who killed his nephew. Good evening, Colonel; I shall expect you."

Saluting politely, Gerald Grey turned away.

Then, with a spring of a frenzied tiger, Colonel Osmond was upon him, his drawn sword in hand.

As quick as a flash, Gerald jumped to one side as he heard the whiz of the blade in the air, and thus avoiding the stroke, wheeled and closed with his assailant.

Both were powerful men, and both nerved to desperation, for they felt that a death struggle had come.

One moment they stood like tigers at bay, and then Colonel Osmond dropped his hand upon a pistol in his belt.

Instantly the right hand of Gerald Grey was withdrawn from his bosom, a small blade flashed in the setting sun, and descended with terrible force into the broad bosom of his foe.

Immediately the arms relaxed, the eyes stared wildly, and Lord Edgar Osmond fell dead at the feet of Gerald Grey.

"Now, you've done it, and you'll hang for it!"

The young captain turned quickly at the voice—the same he had heard in conversation with Colonel Osmond.

In the opening of the hedge, his arms folded upon his breast, stood a stout man of middle age.

He was dressed in sailor's garb, and his face, though resolute, was marred by long dissipation.

"Who are you, fellow?" said Gerald, sternly.

"I'm the witness to the murder that has just been committed."

"Ha! you dare accuse me of murder?"

"There lies Colonel Osmond, a stab in his breast; you hold the knife in your hand that made the wound," coolly said the sailor.

"I but acted in self-defense; he attacked me."

"The court-martial will think differently when I tell my story. I must have revenge, young gentleman, for you've just cut me out of a comfortable living for the remainder of my life. Yes; you murdered my Lord Osmond, and the reason was, as the world will know, because he would not let you marry his daughter. You see, I have my story straight."

"And you wish to buy me off—to leave this body here, and let them find out who killed Osmond? That is your game, is it?"

"You speak like a prophet. I want a cool three hundred pounds a year, and that as a regular income; and I want one hundred pounds down cash, then no one will ever find the body of the Colonel, for I know where I can hide it, as I have not loafed around here for nothing."

"I will have nothing to do with you, tell what story you please," sternly replied Gerald Grey.

"You'll die for it, remember."

"Do your worst, I'll take the chances," and so saying, Gerald Grey turned to walk away.

"Look here, Captain, I came here for money, and money I must have. Give me a cool hundred, and I'll clear out and you can tell your own story."

Gerald turned, to behold the sailor confronting him with a drawn knife. A man of sudden impulses, he threw himself forward, seized the uplifted hand, tore from it the gleaming blade, and by an effort of his great strength hurled his foe to the ground, half stunned by the fall.

Instantly a sudden idea seized him, and stepping to the side of Lord Osmond he stained the sailor's knife with the blood still oozing from the death wound in the heart; then he quickly cleaned his own blade, and returned it to his bosom.

By this time the sailor was recovering from his fall, and turned his glaring eyes upon his victor.

"Rise, sir, and precede me to the barracks. I arrest you as the murderer of Lord Osmond," sternly said Gerald Grey.

The man turned deadly pale—he was caught in his own trap, and he cast a despairing look around him, as if to see if some other eye had not seen the deadly deed enacted there on that wood-clad hill.

No; he was alone with his captor, and with a groan that ended in a muttered curse, he arose and walked sullenly from the spot, followed by the pale, stern young officer, who was determined to save himself at the expense of another's life.

CHAPTER IV.

With a face of stern resolve Gerald Grey took the unfortunate Donald Greene direct to the guard-house, and ordered him to be placed in double irons and allowed converse with no one.

He then sought the quarters of his Brigadier-General, and told him of the death of Lord Osmond.

"Great God, Grey! you astound me! How did it occur?" cried the General, springing to his feet.

In calm tones Gerald Grey answered:

"I was asleep in my hammock on Lookout Hill, and was awakened by voices in angry conversation. A hedge divided me from the speaker, but I recognized the voice of my Colonel, and the other was unknown to me.

"From the little I learned it seems the prisoner was once in the employ of Lord Osmond, had been discharged on account of some villainy, nad now sought him to extort money from him on the pretense of holding against the Colonel some secret of his former life.

"The Colonel indignantly refused, and the fellow sprang upon him, and ere I could reach the spot, Lord Osmond was a dead man; but, after a severe struggle, I secured the murderer, and he is now in the guard-house; and here is his knife, with the blade yet stained with the blood of his victim."

"Captain Grey, you deserve credit for your capture of the wretch. He shall hang for this. But have you sent for Osmond's body?" said the General.

"No, sir; I will accompany you to the spot, and you can then acquaint Miss Osmond with the sad occurrence."

"Not I, Grey; I am an old bachelor, as you knew, and could never stand a woman's smiles, let alone her tears. I would make a fool of myself. Go yourself, for you know all the circumstances, and if report says aright, she is sweet on you, anyhow. But, poor Osmond! what a sad end to a splendid fellow, though a little too stern, perhaps. But, come, we will go and bring back the body, for I would see the spot."

Without the tremor of a muscle Gerald Grey led the way to the hill, and with uncovered heads, the General and the officers who had accompanied him, gazed down upon the dead form.

"Come, Grey, you go at once and break the news to Miss Osmond, and we will follow with the body; then we will see this murderer, and, by Heaven, he shall hang for this work!"

Gerald Grey at once left the hill and walked rapidly toward the pleasant quarters of his late Colonel.

While awaiting the coming of Ione, the young officer paced the floor, his thoughts busy, his face deadly pale.

"I am playing a desperate, deadly game; but the stakes are large if I win—my life; for I would certainly lose that if it were proven on me; a beautiful wife, and a vast fortune—all in the balance against the life of this fellow—a low-born adventurer. Doubtless he will swear against me if brought to trial; but I will see that he does not face a court-martial, and his charging me with the murder will not be believed, unless he makes the whole story public, and his tongue shall be silenced ere he is allowed to do that. Ha! I have a bright idea; I will act upon it tonight. But I must keep off an examination of the prisoner. Here comes Ione. If she but knew that my hand had taken the life of her father, with what holy horror she would gaze on me."

A rustle of silk was heard in the hallway, and the next instant Ione entered the room, looking so innocent, so exceedingly lovely, that the man was cut to the heart.

But he stepped forward and grasped her hands in both his own, while he said, softly:

"You are doubtless surprised to see me here, Ione; but I have come as a messenger of ill tidings."

"My father! Has harm befallen him?" cried Ione, in terrible alarm, while her lovely face blanched.

"Be brave, be strong, little girl, to hear what I have to say——"

"Speak, Gerald, and do not hold me in suspense," said Ione, with a masterly effort at calmness.

"Ione, your father is dead."

A shudder went through the slender form, the head dropped forward, and the hands trembled violently in the strong ones that held them. Oh! how they would have trembled had they known all.

"My father dead?" at length came from the pale lips.

"Yes, Ione; he was killed by a fellow who was once in his employ—Donald Greene he says is his name."

"Donald Greene! Yes, I have often heard him spoken of at home as a worthless creature. He has killed my father?" said Ione, in a tone that showed she was stunned by the shock.

"Yes; he tried to extort money from your father, and upon his refusal killed him. I was near and caught the murderer ere he could fly."

"Bless you for this, Gerald; you are all I have now. Oh, Heaven help me! They are coming now with my father's body."

Gerald drew the poor girl close to him and begged her to be calm; but his words seemed a mockery, as his strong arm trembled, and his face was as white as that of the dead nobleman whom the soldiers lay upon a settee in the hall.

One loud shriek of anguish, as Ione's eyes fell upon that cold, upturned face, and she threw herself down beside the dead form, while Gerald Grey unable to gaze upon the scene, turned and rapidly left the house, his brain on fire, his heart throbbing with a dull pain that threatened almost to still forever its pulsation.

Taking the path to the hill where the tragedy had been enacted, the young officer paced to and fro with rapid strides until he became calm; then, as night had come over the face of the earth, he wended his way down the hillside and in a short time was at the guard-house.

"Scott, I would see the prisoner; has any one spoken with him?" he asked the sentinel on guard.

"No one, sir," and turning the key of the door, he admitted the officer into the room where the prisoner was confined.

Donald Greene lay upon a low bench and his face was very pale, as Gerald Grey discovered by the light through the grating.

He was ironed hand and foot and arose slowly as the officer entered the room.

"Well, sir, I have come to have a talk with you."

"To laugh in my face at the trap you have me in, I suppose, for you well know my word will not be taken against yours," said the man, sullenly.

"Yet, you can make a good case by telling the whole story of Lord Osmond's crime—your wife's dishonor and the illegitimacy of Lady Ione."

"True, and prove all that I say; but I will never allow the world to know that my poor wife was dishonored. I loved her too dearly for that—aye, I love her yet. No; the world shall never learn her sin from me. I will die first."

Gerald Grey's face flushed at the words of the prisoner. Though a poor, wretched vagabond, he was yet honorable about a woman who had deceived him.

"You will assuredly be hung, then, my man.'"

"So be it. I will not swear against my wife. I will tell frankly that I sought to obtain money from Colonel Osmond, on account of a wrong he had once done me, and that I was to receive a yearly income; that I left him, but returned at the sound of high voices, to hear you threaten him with exposure, for you had heard what passed between us, if he did not consent to your marriage with the Lady Ione. I will tell that the Colonel attacked you, and that you killed him. Then my lips shall remain sealed. I won't be believed, and the gallows will be my end; but my wife's name will be free from dishonor, and her daughter will be an heiress and a supposed noble lady."

Gerald Grey was silent for a few moments. The man before him was an enigma.

After awhile he asked, "Do you love life, Donald Greene?'

"Is there a worm that does not, Captain Grey?'"

"You love gold, too, I suppose?"

"Yes; as much as I do life."

"Then, hear me. If you state before the court-martial that you killed Lord Osmond—that is, let my story of the affair go as true—I will pledge myself, my honor, to aid your escape as soon as sentence is passed upon you, and I will give you five hundred pounds in cash, and an income yearly of a like sum."

"Can you do this, Captain Grey?' eagerly asked the man.

"Yes; I have a soldier in my company whom I can place on guard over you the night I have arranged all for escape, and he can go with you, for I will provide him with funds. Will you do as I wish?"

"Yes."

"Swear it?"

"I do swear it."

"Swear by the memory of the wife you so loved?" said Gerald Grey.

"I do," answered Daniel Greene, fervently.

A moment after Gerald Grey glided out into the darkness, and with guilty joy at his heart, sought the desolate home of Lady Ione.

Another installment of this most masterly and fascinating story will be offered Ledger readers next week. Whoever subscribes regularly for the Ledger is entitled to our free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

MY BROTHER'S TUTOR.

BY E. IDA WILLIAMS.

I should have been born a boy.

My inclinations were masculine, my tastes masculine, my courage masculine. I felt a sentiment closely akin to chivalry for the gentler sex, and a desire to be "hail fellow well met" with men.

I did not possess a single feminine accomplishment. The little articles of fancy work with which the dainty fingers of women are always busy, were riddles to me, while I could handle a gun or row a boat equal to any man; and with such masculine proclivities I lived until my sixteenth June. Perhaps my bringing up had something to do with my many failings, but you may judge for yourselves.

My mother died when I was four years old, leaving three sons, two older and one younger than I. My father had too much good sense to invite any woman to become nurse and housekeeper to us, under the title of his second wife, so under the care of hirelings I grew up.

We did not live in the city, but in a beautiful town on the banks of the Hudson, and my father's business being in New York, he boarded there, only coming home Saturday afternoons to spend Sunday.

His visits were hailed with delight by us children, as he always brought to us something in the way of toys, or a treat in the way of candies, and we would sit munching a sugar horse, or a candied orange, as we sat listened to some of his miraculous adventures with breathless interest. Ah, since I arrived at years of discretion I am quite convinced my parent's conscience was very elastic or his imagination remarkably vivid.

Our nurse was as good a soul as ever lived, bless her, and gave us our way in everything. She permitted me to ride a broomstick, climb trees, swing on the garden gate and didn't scold if I clung on behind a farmer's wagon, provided I did not soil my gown very much. I played ball, flew kites, boated, fenced, hunted, and went to school with my brothers.

When I was fourteen years of age an aunt, residing in Hartford, sent an invitation for me to spend the summer with her. I was accordingly made ready, and in less than a week after the invitation came I was domesticated as the roommate of my cousin, a model little girl of ten, who could do everything in the unnecessary worsted work, embroider samplers, and make patchwork.

She absolutely pitied my ignorance (in that branch I was, as I have already told you, lamentably deficient), and kindly endeavored to teach me.

She was a poor teacher—I will not admit myself a poor pupil—and gave up in despair, I had wasted several ounces of wool, broken or lost a paper of needles, and was obliged to wear a glove-cot over my second finger, which I had badly lacerated, not being able to manage a thimble.

This failing, I volunteered to teach her my specialty, and was rewarded, after my first lesson, by seeing her carried up Main street clinging behind the hotel coach, with her pretty white Marseilles dress sweeping up the dust.

My aunt rewarded my pains by a peremptory dismissal. Thus, my summer, instead of numbering three months, was the fractional part of one moon.

My ever kind brothers sympathized heartily with me in my shame, and before my father's weekly visit my disgrace was forgotten.

I was sixteen, when it was thought proper for my youngest brother to have a tutor, his health being too delicate to allow of his attending school, and Fred and Arthur were at Yale.

The coming of Professor Clifton was an event of great moment to John and me, and the first supper taken with him was painful in the extreme. John, who was always quiet, that evening was particularly so, and the stillness was so oppressive that I ate my bread without butter, being afraid to hear the sound of my own voice asking for it. During the silent repast I took several sly peeps at the august personage, and found him, according to my views, exceedingly handsome. He was fully six feet in height, with dark, waving hair, worn quite long. I always called his eyes blue, but John declared them black, and he ought to know, he had to face them often enough, after a misdemeanor that subjected him to a severe reprimand. Then he insists the Professor's voice I always thought so pleasant, sounded like a huge bass drum beat upon by four sticks.

After supper was finished, Mrs. Smythe, the housekeeper, said, as we arose from the table:

"Professor Clifton, if you would like to take a turn in the garden, Miss Maggie will go with you; Master John is not permitted to go out after sunset."

I blushed crimson at the prospect of a tete-a-tete, but finding no excuse for declining, got my hat from the hall table and started off.

I have said I dreaded this tete-a-tete, and yet I was no coward, as I have already stated, but where is ever seen the feminine courage that would not quail at sixteen in the presence of a tutor of eight-and-twenty?

However, my bashfulness soon vanished and I conducted my companion through the flower garden and thence to the boat house. The moon rising, shed its silver light upon the beautiful river, wooing me to sail upon its waters.

"Wouldn't you like to take a sail?" I asked.

"Yes," replied he, "but unfortunately I cannot row."

"I can!" cried I, with a proud toss of the head. "I always beat Arthur in a boat race and he's a first-rate oarsman. You are not afraid!" seeing he did not follow as I advanced and loosed the skiff from her moorings. "Why, there's not a fellow in town that can outdo me. I have the advantage of other girls about here; the governor has given me my head all my life, and poor old Smythe never dares tighten the check-rein, and there's nobody else to interfere."

I saw an amused twinkle in his eyes as he followed me into the boat, and we pushed off from shore. After a while I drew in the oars and let the boat float. Professor Clifton spoke at once.

"I know you are tired," said he. "I am ashamed to let a young lady row me. I beg, Miss Rose, you will return at once."

"Not I," I replied, "and as to your being ashamed, I don't see that you've any occasion to be. I dare say if you had lived by the water you'd have learned to row, wouldn't you, now?"

I rested my elbow on my knee, and, supporting my chin on my hand, looked up at him curiously. He smiled as he answered:

"Yes, I dare say I would."

"Can you drive? And, oh, don't you love hunting?" I asked, hastily; and not waiting for his reply, I informed him of my skill in both directions, and ended by challenging him to a race on the following day.

"But I am no horseman, Miss Rose," he said, as soon as I would give him time to answer.

"How stupid! What can you do?" I asked, rudely.

"Insist upon returning home at once, or we shall be overtaken by a storm. See, the moon is hidden and the clouds are——"

"Psnaw!" cried I, with no attempt at concealing my impatience. "I'm glad I am not a fair-weather bird."

And turning the boat toward shore, I rowed back in silence.

"Can I assist you?" he asked, jumping out and offering his hand.

"No, thanks," and bounding over the edge of the boat, I added, "I am one who helps herself."

He secured the chain and we walked toward the house.

The acquaintance that opened thus ripened into a warm friendship, and my brother's tutor became the companion of my rambles, and, under my tuition, learned to row and hunt.

At last he took a vacation of six weeks. John almost made me angry by wishing he would double it, but I—I missed him very much.

"What is the matter, Maggie?" inquired my father, as I came down from my room equipped for church on the third Sunday of vacation, looking pale and miserable, with eyelids red from crying. "Are you sick?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, "my head aches."

That was a dreadful story, unless folks' hearts are lodged in their heads.

So father insisted on remaining home. Accordingly, my head was bound up in vinegar, and I was nursed and petted all day. Thoroughly ashamed of myself, I went to bed and came down in the morning quite myself again.

My father kissed me most affectionately at parting, and Mrs. Smythe promised to send for him if I seemed at all indisposed. Poor, dear father! I am glad he did not guess the truth.

The six weeks came to an end at last, and the Professor was to return that day at eleven.

I did not feel that I could meet him downstairs with the mail, so I hid myself behind the half-closed blinds of my own room, and peeping at him through the curtain as he walked up the avenue, fanning himself with his broad-brimmed hat, his light overcoat hanging over his left arm, and his traveling satchel in hand, I thought I had never seen him look so handsome before.

He cast his eyes up at my window. I felt as if he saw me, and shrank back. I heard him enter, heard his voice downstairs, and presently heard him coming up to his room. I opened my door and went out, meeting him in the full light of the sun that streamed down through the stained skylight above.

"How do you, Professor?" I asked, extending my hand. "Glad to see you back again. Have you enjoyed your vacation?"

"Yes tha,nk you very much; but I am truly glad to be at home with you again. I have missed you very much, Miss Maggie. I wish you could say the same to me."

"Oh, I can—I do," cried I, heartily, forgetting the little subterfuge which might have been more becoming than my frankness. At all events, it would have been more feminine. "I thought the six weeks dreadfully long!" I blushed deeply as I felt his earnest gaze bent on me, and added, hastily: "Have you had your lunch? Come down, please, and I will give you a plate of delicious strawberries." And I hurried away to the dining room, where he soon joined me.

The same evening I was sitting upon the wide steps of the piazza, with the old cat sleeping in my lap, and dreaming. In a few moments the Professor came out whistling, and I joined in the tune, whistling shrilly.

"Ah, you here, Miss Maggie" he said, coming down and seating himself beside me. "I am very glad to find you alone. I want to speak to you."

"Well," said I, as I pulled Kitty's ears between my fingers carelessly, "I am ready. What do you want to say?"

Sitting there in the soft twilight, watching the stars peep forth one by one from out the gathering darkness, and dear old pussy purring her joy in tune with the quick beats of my glad heart, he spoke. He told me an old story—one that every girl thinks her lover tells the best, so I won't say what he said; but when we parted for the night he held me for an instant to his heart, and called me his dear little Maggie as he kissed my eyes, my lips, my brow, for I had promised, if papa was willing, I would be his wife.

Papa was willing, and so today I am the proud and happy Mrs. Clifton.

Dear papa made him his partner in business, and it is very well he did, or my husband's salary as tutor would not have kept us out of the poorhouse all through my experimental housekeeping.

My hair is not so dark as it once was, nor my step so light, but my heart beats just as warmly at my husband's pleasant voice as it did eight-and-twenty years ago. I have not neglected to teach the accomplishments of my youth to my pretty daughters, but at their father's suggestion, I have added that which was neglected in mine ,and what I know will be so useful to them in the future.

"I think you are right, dear old boy," I said, as I leaned over the table at which my husband sat writing, and took his hand.

"Men will be men, and women, women for all time, and, as you say, Alice and Grace are happier that they know some of the duties devolving on them as women. Oh, it is very well you came as you did, or I should in all probability be climbing trees and playing ball today."

"No, no, darling, worse than that!" cried he. "I cannot bear to think of it. You might have been some other man's wife."

"Never, never!" exclaimed I. "I never would have loved any man but you. We were made for one another, or"—and both our voices said together—"we never could be so happy."

Another Name.

At a fashionable dinner at a large hotel in New York an English gentleman was entertained by his friends and admirers. In the course of the conversation the Englishman declared that he was much pleased with what he had seen in America, but that he missed one class in this country that was to be found everywhere in England—"That class of people, I mean, who are not in any particular trade, business, or profession, and whom we call gentlemen, you know."

"Oh," replied one of the party, "we have plenty of such people here; only here we call them tramps."

A Very Brutal Wife.

Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, is very fond of a joke and in spite of his multifarious duties finds time for many amusing quips. When Bishop Spaulding of Peoria visited the Archbishop some time ago, it was arranged that the Western man should be entertained by a lady prominent in social and charitable affairs. The Archbishop wrote him, giving some details regarding his prospective hostess, and ended his letter thus: "The lady who has all these virtues treats her husband like a brute. P. S.—She is very fond of brutes, being an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

Etymology.

"How do you do, young man? I'm your new neighbor, you know."

"What's neighbor?"

"Well, neigh means nigh, near and——"

"Oh, thank you; I know what 'bore' means."

GOT TO

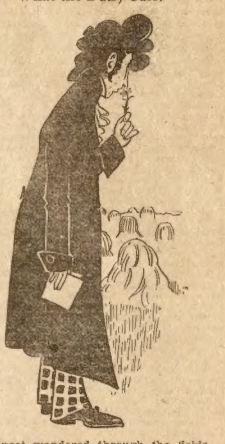
Have Sharp Brains Nowadays or Drop Back.

The man of today no matter what his calling, needs a sharp brain and to get this he needs food that not only gives muscle and strength but brain and nerve power as well.

A carpenter and builder of Marquette, Mich., who is energetic and wants to advance in his business read an article about food in a religious paper and in speaking of his experience he said: "Up to three years ago I had not been able to study or use my thinking powers to any extent. There was something lacking and I know now that it was due to the fact that my food was not rebuilding my brain.

"About this time I began the use of the condensed food Grape-Nuts and the result has been I can think and plan with some success. It has not only rebuilt my brain until it is stronger and surer and more active but my muscles are also harder and more firm where they used to be loose and soft, and my stomach is now in perfect condition. I can endure more than twice the amount of fatigue and my night's rest always completely restores me. In other words I am now enjoying life and I attribute it to the fact that I have found a perfect food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

What the Daisy Said.



The poet wandered through the fields.
He plucked a bloom, and said:
"O, gentle flower—truer than
All poems ever read!
O, little blossom, sad it is
Thy lips to speech are sealed,
For truly thou art like to me—
A poet of the field."

The gentle flower quivered then;
And by some mystic spell
It gained the gift of speech, that it
Might tell what it would tell.
"Oh, poet," sighed the flower, "if
I gather what you meant,
I must resemble you, indeed—
I haven't got a scent."

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You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Most of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled their skill for years. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. The evidence on these facts is simply indisputable and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement about it. The healers and their work are in public view. As a C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 12 years I have healed diseases of almost every known kind and in every stage of severity. They included many surgical cases where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases that were far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may dwell, whether one or many physicians have failed to give you relief, if you report the case to me and so desire, you shall be cured. This is no vain or idle promise. My past success fully justifies it. You can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account; disbelief is not any hindrance; disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for hope. All you really need is the wish to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a copy free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

In Blithe Kansas.

"Mother, may I go shock the wheat?"
"Oh, no, my darling daughter—
The field is full of the elite—
I don't think that you oughter."

WHEN BULLETS FLEW;

Or, The Story of a Confederate Girl.

BY FRANCES K. BREEDIN.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

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PART III.

Ridgeway Court is about four miles from Savannah, and before the war was considered one of the most beautiful places in the South.

The grounds are extensive, and grand old trees in groups of three and four are scattered over the green, velvety lawn; while an avenue of magnolia and pomegranate trees lead to the house. Around the garden is a beautiful rose geranium hedge, and in it is every variety of lovely flowers, making it a paradise for the humming-birds and bees and butterflies. At the foot of the lawn is another hedge of cape jasmine, planted some distance from the house, because of its powerful odor.

There are large trees of tea olive, the blossoms of which perfume the whole place. It is one of the sweetest of Southern flowerns, and, it is said, the Chinese use it to make fragrant their tea. At a short distance from the house are several greenhouses, and it was from one of these Claire Legare was coming one beautiful morning in the spring when Hampton met her. She was gowned in pale blue cashmere, trimmed with old valenciennes lace and blue ribbons. A sprig of apple geranium in her hand she was busily engaged pinning in front of her bodice.

"Breakfast is waiting for you," said he, giving her a look of admiration.

She was so dainty and fair, and her eyes seemed to match her gown. Her little feet were encased in blue kid slippers, and as she held up her gown one could see the pretty silk stockings embroidered in blue dots.

"Why did you not sit down?" she said; "it is not a ceremonious meal."

"I would have done so, but Gerald seemed quite shocked at our even suggesting such a thing when you were known to be downstairs."

"Gerald is a goose; but let us make haste or everything will be cold."

"Except his welcome," he replied, in a teasing tone.

"Do not be disagreeable so early in the morning; you will be so all day."

"Will it make any difference to you? No doubt you have planned a walk or drive with Gerald."

She had blushed when his name was first mentioned, and he now noticed her pretty confusion when Gerald met her at the door and took her to the breakfast table.

At this time there were only a few in the house; a large party having promised to come later. But a "few" at Ridgeway Court meant a dozen besides the home people.

Mrs. Ridgeway was a very elegant woman of an imposing appearance. She was about fifty-five years old; but looked only forty, with no gray hairs, nor any sign of old age. She had been a widow for some years, and Hampton was her only child. He was her idol and always sat at her right hand at the table. An old friend of the family took the foot.

Claire's vivacity of manner made her the life of the party. She could not be called an intellectual woman, but she conversed well on the topics of the day, and was a great help to Mrs. Ridgeway in entertaining her numerous guests.

The conversation turned on the late war, Hampton waxed eloquent on his description of the women of Virginia.

"It is a wonder you were not captured, old fellow," one of the men remarked.

"Superior attractions in Georgia," responded another.

Claire, in a low tone, said to Gerald:

"He did lose his heart. He has not been the same man since his return."

"Was it the nurse who wrought the change?"

"I am sure of it, for he gets angry whenever I tease him about her."

After breakfast the guests dispersed; some to drive or to ride and others to walk. It was Liberty Hall, and no one was expected to give an account of his movements until they all assembled at the six o'clock dinner; and not even then unless he chose.

As Hampton predicted, Claire and Gerald went for a walk.

"Not to make you a false prophet," she said, as he smiled significantly when they started.

Gerald Huger was a distant cousin of Claire's, and from her earliest childhood she had gone to "Oak Grove" in South Carolina once a year, as Mrs. Huger had been her mother's most intimate friend.

Before the war Hampton had thought their affection the most natural thing in the world, but since his return he had noticed more closely and was convinced they were in love with each other.

As low as her tone was he had heard her remarks to Gerald at the breakfast table, and it made him think he might be mistaken. From pique at his indifference she might be pretending not to care for him. He was conscious of a great change in his manner since his return from Virginia.

That afternoon he was determined to find out how she felt toward him. She was sitting in a low rocking chair engaged in some kind of fancy work. He went over, picked up her ball of worsted, and began to talk of old times.

"Hush, please, I must count my stitches."

"Am I only to sit and look at you?" he asked.

"One, two, three, four," she continued, without answering.

"Do, pray, stop," said he, "why do you bring such work into the drawing room?"

"To keep off disagreeable men," she retorted.

"Do you mean that for me?" he asked.

"If the cap fits wear it."

"I have worn a fool's cap long enough," said he, as he went over and took a seat by his mother.

After breakfast the next morning he told Claire he wished to have a business talk with her in the library.

"Hateful old business! Can't it wait?"

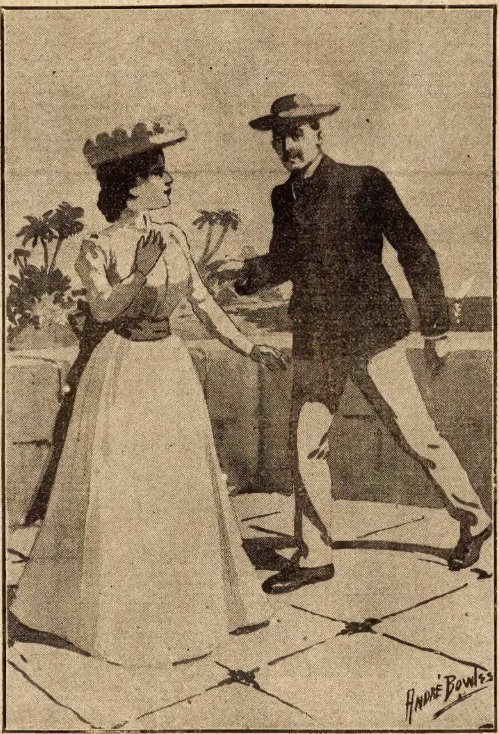
"No; it must be settled at once."

When she entered he was smoking; but he threw away his cigar, and placed a chair near the window.

"Why did you throw away your cigar? You know I like smoke."

"Perhaps, because I wish your undivided attention."

"Well, then, what is this urgent business? Tell me, please, as quickly as you can, for I am going to ride."



"Ridgeway! where did you come from?"

"With Huger?"

"Yes."

"I thought so."

Laughing, she threw her head back, and said:

"This is a new role for you to appear in—that of a jealous lover. You know Gerald is as old a friend as you."

"Friend!" he exclaimed. "I grant that; but I have the right to a more endearing title. Have you forgotten it? I have thought lately you had."

"So this is the business to be settled at once," she said, with flashing eyes.

"I think," he answered, in a calm, even tone, "it is best for us to understand each other, so as to avoid any unpleasantness in the future."

"If you mean," said she, "you would like to break the silly engagement our fathers entangled us in, I am quite ready to do so, for I have seen for some time your heart was in Virginia."

"And yours, Claire, where is it?"

"You must continue to guess. Our urgent business will soon be over. As you have long since broken the engagement in spirit——"

"Say 'we,'" he interrupted. Not heeding, she continued:

"I see no reason why you should be bound by a mere form, so, from this moment, you are free, and I think if your father were alive he would agree with me—where no heart is, there should be no engagement." Saying this, she left the room.

A free man! Alas! Freedom comes too late for happiness.

He had already heard that Elizabeth is to marry Doctor Ochiltree.

Claire and Hampton were now warm friends. She would say: "It is so delightful to be on these terms. Nothing is expected of me, and I can be natural with you. When we were engaged I had to pretend I loved you and it was so tiresome."

"Complimentary, I must say."

"Well, you know, Guardian, as much as I like you, it is different from love."

"Since you have learned how to define it," he would answer teasingly.

It was more than three months after the talk in the library before Claire's engagement to Gerald was announced, and Hampton truly rejoiced in their happiness. The wedding, which took place in the late autumn, was a quiet one, as Gerald had recently lost a sister. A few weeks after they went on their bridal trip to Florida, and Hampton, who was much broken in health, was persuaded to accompany them.

"Your happiness will give me the 'blues,' but I will efface myself as much as possible," he said, when he yielded to their entreaties.

* * * * * * *

"St. Augustine! This fascinating old town! I have to pinch myself to realize I am here," said Claire the day after her arrival. They were walking by the old "Seawall." The sky was of that lovely opaline blue, and the atmosphere balmy and caressing. They entered shops, rudely built of wood, almost close to the wall, where alligators' teeth, shells, and corals could be bought.

"Let us buy a tooth for good luck," said Claire.

So three charms were purchased and attached to their watch chains.

Then they continued their walk; this time on the wall.

"How many lovers have walked along here, I wonder?" said Hampton. "Not many that were playing second fiddle, as I am now doing."

"Now, if you are going to be low-spirited," said Claire, "I will push you off. Accept your blessings and do not think of your disappointments."

"Are you one of the blessings to be accepted?" he asked.

"Of course. You are allowed to bask in the sunshine of my happiness. Is that not enough to cheer you up?"

"If it does not scorch me. I think the sun will, at any rate. Suppose we turn into that shady street."

From St. George street they went to the City Gateway. Children were playing about, dodging in and out the sentry-boxes.

"What very picturesque ruins!" exclaimed Gerald.

"How securely they must have slept in those good old days when the 'Barrier Gate' was locked at midnight," said Claire.

"At sunset, you mean," said Hampton.

"My wise guardian, a wide margin is allowed in talking of the past. There may be a doubt about some things, but there can be none, I suppose, about the antiquity of these towers."

"No; next to the Fort, they are the chief memorials of the old St. Augustine."

"Why did we never come to this charming place before?" said she. "I believe I could have fallen in love with even you, Hampton, under such a sky, and breathing this"—taking a whiff—"delicious atmosphere."

"Thanks, I am quite flattered; or should be, rather. Perhaps it might not have appealed so irresistibly to me," he answered, in an amused tone.

"But you would not have been ungallant and told me so; and I had a right to your—what shall I call it—love?"

"I believe it goes by that name to the uninitiated," he replied.

"I move we go before you begin to quarrel," said Gerald, who did not enjoy the turn of the conversation.

"We are only talking of a 'might have been,'" said she. "The situation had its charms at one time"—with an arch look at Hampton—"alas! the awakening!"

"For which I should give thanks," said Gerald.

"Should," replied Claire; "do, you mean. I declare, you are getting positively 'settled,' and I a bride of only a few weeks! You see, Hampton, what propinquity has done! Take warning and remain a bachelor."

One morning about a week after this conversation Hampton strolled off to look for the fabled "Fountain of Youth," as he heard it was near the town; but he changed his mind, and went to the old Fort. As he sat in one of the watch towers looking seaward, and enjoying the view, he saw coming two gentlemen and a lady. As they came nearer, to his great surprise, he recognized Elizabeth and Doctor Ochiltree.

"On their bridal tour," he muttered. "Strange, there should be three in that party, too!"

Very much agitated, and thinking they would pass by, he kept quiet; but Elizabeth separated herself from the party, saying:

"I am going up those steps to look out; they say the view is beautiful from that tower."

Fate was beckoning her on. She came very near falling backward when she saw her old patient holding out his hand, exclaiming:

"My nurse! Who would have thought I should meet you here!"

Doctor Ochiltree, hearing her exclamation of surprise, had run up the steps to see what was the matter.

"Ridgeway! Where did you come from? I am delighted to see you again! Come down and let me introduce you to Mr. Marshall."

The latter was curious to know what had happened.

He greeted Major Ridgeway warmly, telling him his name had been a household word ever since the doctor's return from Virginia.

"He seems to have met no one but my niece, my sister, and yourself," he said.

"Why have we not met you before?" said Doctor Ochiltree. "It is such a small place. Have you been here long?"

"About ten days," he replied.

"That explains it," said the Doctor. "We have been absent a week and just returned yesterday evening."

After a little chat Mr. Marshall expressed a wish to go back to the hotel, as he was much fatigued.

"I will not ask Elizabeth to shorten her walk," he said, "but I will be obliged to have the Docter's arm."

"I shall be very glad to escort your niece to the hotel, and if she will allow me to accompany her in her walk it will be a double pleasure," said Hampton, eagerly, but somewhat stiffly.

"You will, no doubt, find much to say to each other," said the Doctor, as he turned to go back.

But after they had gone, Elizabeth said nothing for several minutes. She was too much surprised. She had wished for him so often, and here he was! It seemed like magic. He had been prepared for the meeting by seeing her come up the steps; indeed, before that. Now, he was exercised to know if she was single, and the first question he asked was:

"How long have you been married?"

"Married!" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

Rumor had you engaged to Doctor Ochiltree, and seeing you all together, I thought it was 'un fait accompli.'"

"You are mistaken. I am here with my uncle for his health."

"And the Doctor?"

"Is his physician. Now, be kind enough to answer some questions for me. Why did you come?'

"Also for my health."

"Alone?"

"No; with Claire and a Mr. Huger, who is related to her."

He could not tell her yet of Claire's marriage, as he wished to find out if she loved him.

"Do you think she will like me?" she asked.

"I am sure she will."

"And, after all, you married her!" she said, reproachfully.

"All what?"

"Your protestations."

"You must love her for my sake, Elizabeth."

"You forget yourself, Major Ridgeway. I am Miss Burwell. I think I would better go back now; it always frets my uncle for me to be away from him long."

"Let me show you the old Chapel, first."

"I have been there several times."

"But not with me," pleaded he; "come, do, for the sake of old times."

She thought to herself, "this once," and went with him. Sitting down on a rough seat, he said:

"Miss Burwell, I am sorry if I have offended you. I thought our former intimacy would excuse the liberty I took.'

"It was very different then. Now, you are a married man; you must be more particular."

"A married man! Do you really think I am married?"

"You said so."

"You misunderstood me. Claire is married to her cousin, Gerald Huger, and I am only a third party. What! Crying?"

"You are so mean!" sobbed Elizabeth, "to make me believe you were married!"

"And, darling, do you care?" said he, putting his arm around her. "How we long for happiness and when it is almost in our grasp it eludes us! Broken in health, I dare not ask you to marry me; yet, I love you a great deal more, my dear little nurse, than I did in those hospital days."

"And I," she whispered, "have always loved you. 'Broken in health,' you may be, but you are more to me than all the world beside; and I—don't look at me—will have no other husband."

A half hour later they came out of the chapel looking radiant. Claire had been told of the meeting and knew what to expect. Her first words to Hampton were:

"I told you so; but I am so glad!"

She went at once to see Elizabeth, and had a long talk. They took a great fancy to each other. Gerald said:

"That is all that was wanting to complete our happiness. Now Hampton will have a playmate. He has been on my mind ever since I was married."

"Why, dear?" Claire asked, the picture of innocence.

"My conscience has hurt me for taking you from him. Now we can be happy without alloy."

Mr. Marshall gave his consent, though the dearest wish of his heart had been to see his niece married to his friend, Doctor Ochiltree. The latter had asked and been refused; but so kindly, she had retained him as a friend, who rejoiced with her. Now, truly, St. Augustine was a fairy-land.

Such walks and drives they had! One beautiful day they went to Anastasia Island and after mounting the top of the lighthouse and running down like children, they wandered to the seashore, where were huge masses of coquina covered with seaweed.

"It looks" said Claire, "as if the mermaids were drying their hair. I have brought Guardy good luck, after all," she continued. "Just watch them playing in the sand like children!"

"The first stages are very idiotic," responded Gerald, laughing.

When the time came for the party to break up Hampton went with Mr. Marshall and Elizabeth to New York, where he remained until the first of May. Mr. Marshall became very fond of him and promised to spend his winters at Ridgeway Court.

In their confidential talks, he told of his early days, when he had looked forward to accomplishing so much in the world; and, later in life, when all his aspirations were killed when love died. Now, in his old age, just waiting for the end to come.

"Elizabeth will inherit all I possess," he said, "and I advise you to keep this house. It is commodious and pleasant; but that must be as it pleases you both. It may be only an old man's fancy, believing it superior to a modern establishment."

"I hope you may occupy it for many years yet," said Hampton, affectionately.

It is impossible to describe Mammy's delight. She was to go South as Elizabeth's maid. Two months in every year were to be spent in Winchester, and "Malviny" and her husband should continue to take care of the Cottage.

The last day of June they were married in the church her uncle had attended for many years. It was thought best, as he could not stand the excitement of a house wedding. The morning after the ceremony a large party left for Saratoga. Mr. Marshall, Mrs. Ridgeway, Claire, Gerald, Doctor Ochiltree, Bessie Huger (a sister of Gerald), Frances Carter (an intimate friend of Elizabeth), and last, but by no means least, Mammy Peggy.

The summer was spent in traveling from one place to another and early in October Hampton took Elizabeth to Winchester. Dear old Winchester! Her heart was full to overflowing as she approached her home. She had traveled far and had seen much of the world since she last saw it; but no place could compare, in her estimation, with Virginia.

As the train passed through Harper's Ferry, she thought with pride of Thomas Jefferson's remark, "It was worth a trip across the Atlantic Ocean to see the place." An ineffable smile of contentment was on her face as she viewed, drawing nearer the town, the blue, hazy line in the distance, saying:

"Oh, how I did long for a glimpse of the Blue Ridge when I lived in Lower Virginia!"

Loving hands had been busy at the Cottage. All over the house were beautiful bridal gifts. The little parlor was a perfect bower of beauty. Bunches of golden rod were in large Satsuma jars. Chrysanthemums of every shade were placed about, and lovely palms, ferns, and geraniums lined the small hall. In the dining room was set a long table, with refreshments, as about fifty guests were there to welcome her to her old home. It was a great surprise to her. She knew presents awaited her, a few; but this demonstration of affection was entirely unexpected.

She was touched on looking over her presents to find one from Mr. Page—a lovely brooch; one large pearl surrounded by forget-me-nots, in turquoise, with leaves of green enamel. From Mrs. Flournoy came a quaint diamond ring she had once admired; and a present from each of the children. One room was locked until most of the guests had gone; then Elizabeth and Hampton were taken to it.

Over the mantel was a large oil painting, beautifully executed, entitled, "A Night on a Battlefield." Mammy had directed Malviny where to find an old ambrotype taken of Elizabeth about that time, and the shawl worn that night. The likeness was pronounced perfect. It was a present from two of her father's friends. Hampton was delighted.

"It ought to be called, 'The Beginning of the End,'" he said, stealing a kiss from Elizabeth, who had lingered behind.

One beautiful moonlit night he took her to the battlefield. How changed it was! A wooden shanty had been built near the place she sat that night, and vines were running all over the ground. But the moon looked calmly down upon their happiness, as calmly as it had done upon the poor soldier's misery.

"About here," she said ,"lay that poor man who tried so hard to tell me nothing would hurt me. And to think I never noticed him afterward, until too late!"

"Well, my darling," said Hampton, as he drew her to him, "let us hope it soothed his last moments to gaze on such a brave Confederate girl."

(The end.)

* * *

HOW I FOUND MY WIFE.

BY PETER QUINCE.

"Well, Walter, and you are married?"

"Yes," I answered, "and to the sweetest little woman in the world."

"Of course you think so," said my friend; "but I cannot understand how one who was such a confirmed cynic as yourself could be so easily caught. Pray tell me how it was."

And so, with my feet on the old desk, and myself cozily ensconced in one of the huge armchairs with which every lawyer's office is or ought to be adorned, I told my old friend, Harvey Burt, how I found my wife.

"You know, Harvey, that I was, as you say, a confirmed cynic, sneering at all womankind, loving to flirt with them, it is true, but only to kill time, or for a little amusement. When the hot weather came on I did not care a fig for Long Branch or Saratoga; I had been to Newport and the Springs, and, by the way, they bore you horribly; and so I began to look about for some quiet spot where I could have a month's fishing and shooting. The village of N—— attracted my attention, and I went at once, rejoiced to think that I might have quiet and peace, no match-making mammas, with marriageable daughters, no extra toilets for a dinner; but a quiet home, where I could do as I pleased.

"N——, you know, is on Long Island Sound, and I rejoiced in the prospect of boating and bathing, without the nuisances that infest a fashionable watering place. But as the lumbering old stage drove up to the door of the Akerman House, the only hotel in the place, I saw at a glance that my dream of peace was dispelled. Young women! Bah! Harvey—and such young women! I assure you that I was eyed and commented on for at least an hour by three or four amiable damsels, who were on the lookout for 'something new.' I went to my room and make ready for supper, as they styled it, and had the honor of an introduction to several of them at the table. One attracted more than a passing notice, and in the evening I found myself flirting with Miss Hall, after the most approved fashion. Such a girl, Harvey! You never saw the mate for her!"

"Was she your divinity?"

"No my boy; don't interrupt me. No, she was not; but she was the most self-satisfied young woman I ever saw—rather good-looking, gifted with a tongue, and a correct knowledge of its use—believing firmly in what Thackeray says of Becky Sharpe, 'That any woman with a knowledge of herself and a little common sense and persistence, may marry whom she likes.' This was Miss Hall's creed. To make a long story short—we flirted all the time, and until we were the talk of the house. But I began to tire of the game, and to wish for something new.

"One night, as I rowed Miss Hall to the village, we met a party of three coming up with Tim, our porter—two ladies and a gentleman—one was an invalid. Harvey, that face, with its look of utter weariness, haunted me. There's no use to describe it. It wouldn't bear it; but I thought it the sweetest face I ever saw. It was more than a week before I saw it again, though I had been dreaming of it continually.

"One night, as I came in from a bath, on entering the hall, I saw a pair of little feet in red slippers. Laugh if you will, you rascal, but those slippers, or rather their contents, finished me. As I advanced I saw the same face—the invalid was at last able to be down stairs—and I was introduced to Ella Benton. Of course I dropped Miss Hall, thereby causing much scandal. had thought to win an easy victory with the newcomer, but the cool way in which she repelled my attentions put me at my wits' ends, and I made a mental vow to drop flirting. By what particular process I came to that conclusion it would be difficult to explain. I tried everything. I felt myself falling in love, and suppose that I showed it. I proposed on a week's acquaintance and was quickly refused. Nothing daunted, I determined on a change of base. I asked her to consider me her friend—and only that, for life—a true friend. I got that foothold, and then tried to render myself indispensable, trusting to kindness and little attentions to win; but all failed.

"I saved her life, Harvey, taking a cold bath, and spoiling a suit of clothes in her behalf, and got coldly thanked in return. Then I tried the letting-alone process, and that was the most complete failure of all. I announced my departure. She was sorry, valued me as a friend and all that sort of thing, but nothing more. Pique was mingled with despair in my mind; I did not want to give her up. I had said I was going, and I must go. I proposed again, and got 'no' for an answer. I vowed that I would set out at once for Alaska. She told me that it really did not concern her in the least. I got angry and left N——. But I could not drive her face out of my memory.

"Three weeks ago while on a trip to Montreal, I stopped all night at Rutland, and the first name on the register—at least the first that I saw—was Ella Benton. I sent up my card, but she would not receive me. I came down in the morning, and turning to the clerk's desk put my hand in my pocket for my wallet. It was not there. I searched my clothes—no wallet. I went back to my room—no wallet. I was a stranger in the place without money. The clerk openly expressed his belief that I was a fraud. Quite a crowd gathered around me as I endeavored to explain the matter. Just at this moment a lady passed through the hall and bowed to me, though very distantly. It was Miss Benton.

In a few moments she sent for me. I went up, wonderingly, and as I entered she arose, and said:

" 'Mr. Hirst, I heard, accidentally of your misfortune. Will you oblige me by using this check, which you can replace at your convenience.'

"I tried to stammer out a refusal, but she would not hear to it.

" 'Well,' said I, 'Miss Benton, I will accept your kindness; but I have no security to offer unless—unless it is myself.'

" 'Which I will accept cheerfully,' said the little woman.

" 'Do you really mean it?' said I, hardly knowing whether I was asleep or awake.

" 'Why, yes,' she said, 'I am very strict about money matters, and as you have no other security I suppose I must take you. Are you satisfied?'

"Why, you know my answer, of course, old fellow, and we were married then and there. But I say, Harvey, there's one thing I've forgotten entirely. I never have returned that check to my wife."

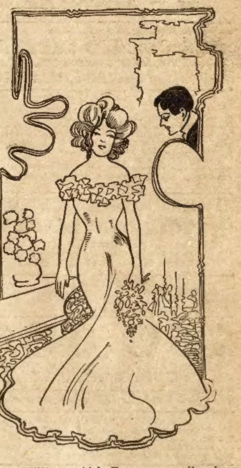
* * *

Lucky.

Bobby, who has lived most of his short lift in the country and who has not attended a place of worship very often, is taken to church while visiting his aunt. Shortly before the service the contribution is taken up, and the little boy, who is naturally observant, appears deeply interested in the proceeding. After the basket has passed the pew in which he is seated, Bobby, holding in his fat little hand a coin which he shows triumphantly, leans over toward his companion and whispers in a perfectly audible voice: "How much did you get, Auntie? I got five cents."

* * *

Sure.



Miss Millions—Ah! Do you really love me?

Lord Getthecoynne—I could not love you any more, dontcherknow, if you were twenty times richer.

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TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL 238
CHICAGO. ILL.

The corn crop needs an outfit of fleece-lined underwear.

It is safer to twist a lion's tail than to call a woman's attention to her first gray hair.

Indiana is quite certain that President Roosevelt knows a good governor when he sees one.

Owing to the high price of lard the dealers in that commodity are living on the fat of the land.

Lawyers can stir up strife and create business, but doctors are obliged to let well enough alone.

The crying need of the early morning hour is a latchkey with an electric light on one end of it.

Don't be surprised to find yourself on your uppers if you sit around waiting for a dead man's shoes.

Mr. Schwab may have thought it would attract less attention if he retired just as the new Pope came in.

Husbands should be frank and tell their wives everything—and wives should be generous and believe it.

It's all right for the moon to get full occasionally, but it's all wrong for men to think they are in the moon class.

The chewing gum trust has a surplus, after paying dividends of $776,000. The news has set a great many other jaws wagging.

In France a woman went into a trance when she heard the police were coming after her. It does not affect the heads of the Postoffice Department that way.

As long as the crops are bountiful and the factories are behind in their orders we may smile pleasantly at the crumbling of the paper fortunes in Wall Street.

England does not like the South Dakota divorce, but it raises no objection to the New York marriage where some broken-down titled personage gets the best of the bargain.

A sixty-horsepower engine used on Western ranches will plow sixty acres a day. Between that great machine and the automobile people who like horse meat should be able to get it at bargain rates.

THE HAND OF FATE;

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE CLARINET CLUB.

By Constance Beatrice Willard.

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CHAPTER XXII.

All the lower boxes at one of the leading theaters, were filled with the guests of Mrs. Tanquer, a few nights after Wickersham's resignation from his club, the event being a party given in honor of her brother's engagement. Glasses were leveled at the gay party, from all over the house, and many comments were passed upon the beautiful women, and well-dressed, well-groomed men. In the most prominent position was Miss Stoneborough, who no persuasion would induce to appear in a low-cut bodice, smiling and thoroughly happy, although it was a little damper on her spirits that the demands of fashion and society prevented as open a display of affection on her part toward her fiance as she would have liked. Could they have gone to the theater alone together, and stowed away in the gallery, eaten candy, and held each other's hands, she would have enjoyed herself infinitely more, than seated before a whole houseful of people, who made her nervous and excited her until she laughed much more frequently than was well-bred or pleasant. Over her chair, Forest hung with careless courteousness. Every muscle of his young face was under perfect control, although he managed to whisper to his sister, while stooping for her fan:

"For God's sake, Maura, get her to stop that laugh if you can. That is getting on my nerves awfully."

Mrs. Tanquer did her best, but with poor success. Poor Miss Stoneborough could not appear but to a disadvantage beside her future sister-in-law, who sat with such quiet dignity, her slender neck rising from her pale blue chiffons with the aristocratic grace of a princess. The likeness was very strong that night between her and her brother and many remarked it.

Ada felt terribly upset at first, when she discovered that Wickersham was not to be of the party, that he had declined on account of pressing business, but managed to pass the time away, unconsciously flirting with one of her former admirers, dainty, alluring and charming in palest lavender satin, profusely trimmed with bunches of real Parma violets. Several other ladies rounded out the feminine portion of the party, and added to the attractiveness of the scene with their beauty and exquisite toilets, for it was noticed that with the exception of Miss Stoneborough, Mrs. Tanquer had never introduced to society any but beautiful and cultured girls.

Possibly, however, Ada was the only one who really enjoyed herself, Ada and Mr. Tanquer who made himself universally agreeable, while all the time keeping a tender watch over his wife's comfort; for each one had matters pressing down upon him, however light the conversation and gay the laughter.

Forest played the attentive gallant to his almost hated betrothed, and longed for a sight of Lilly's glorious eyes; a touch of her warm, firm hand, a kiss from her sweet mouth. The heroine of the play reminded him of her, but for that matter everything did. As for his sister, what was she thinking of as she sat there, watching Forest's face more than the stage? Down in the pit was a man watching both, who never let a single movement escape him, for his life had been spent in this work. In the rear of the gallery was Wickersham, looking at the party through a powerful glass, a fact which might have startled Ada had she known it.

Even the longest plays come to an end after a time, although to Forest it seemed that an endless repetition was going on, never to cease, so difficult did his position become, raised up before so many people, pointed out as a man who had delivered himself over into the hands of an uncouth woman, simply because she had more money than any other he knew. If it was hard to go through these social functions, how would he manage to endure a life of such misery? Well, there was some comfort in his doctor's report that he would never live to see his thirtieth birthday. But Lilly!

All these hopeless thoughts were buried too deep in his heart for any one, even his sister, to suspect him of them, as he carefully folded her opera cloak about Miss Stoneborough, and escorted her to his sister's carriage, which was to convey the lovers and Mr. and Mrs. Tanquer to the Tanquer residence, where a dainty supper was to follow the theater. To the surprise of the brother and sister, as soon as they were in the carriage, Miss Stoneborough began talking to Mr. Tanquer relative to some investments and displayed a thorough knowledge of the entire matter, being able to instruct even that master of finance. All of her nervous gauche vanished, and she showed herself, the well-balanced business woman, as thoroughly conversant with the affairs of her numerous holdings as the astute financier himself.

Not once during the ride did her unpleasant, rasping laugh jar upon Forest's nerves, but as she entered the house it began again, and he had to take a firm grasp of himself to keep from allowing it to appear in his face.

No one understood more thoroughly than Mrs. Tanquer the art of giving just such little suppers, and she played her part of hostess admirably, while Mr. Tanquer was perfect as a genial host, bent upon having all happy. While matters were moving along so smoothly, Miss Stoneborough suddenly raising her voice, asked of the company in general:

"Do you like plays like the one we saw tonight?"

No one answered for a moment, then Mrs. Tanquer replied:

"The morals of all our modern plays are too much on the French order to suit me."

"Yes; but do you think it was a bit natural?" continued Miss Stoneborough, upsetting her wine glass in her earnestness.

"None of them are," suggested one of the gentlemen.

"Take that woman in love. She can't see that the man doesn't care for her, when it is as plain as the nose on one's face, and then she risks her life to win him. If he didn't care for her she ought to have seen it, and if he didn't then after all she did for him, she ought to have thrown him over and taken up with one who would."

A frightfully painful silence followed, in which all but the unconscious Elizabeth were wildly searching for something to say. All but Elizabeth and Forest, for the latter calmly looked about the table, as though he had not heard the words. It was finally Ada who came to the rescue.

"Oh, I like to hear love stories, don't you? They always work in love to all the plays, for it always comes in our lives, and we must have some one to love, you know."

Miss Stoneborough turned upon the pretty speaker and asked, kindly:

"Where's your young man?"

And, in the confusion, without thinking how much she was confessing to, Ada replied:

"Mr. Wickersham was detained by business."

"No, my dear, not business, but temper," Mr. Tanquer said, indulgently, nodding at Ada, who was a special pet of his. "The other night I had to reprove him a little at the club, and he left in a rage. Still, he's a good fellow and a day or two will bring him about all right."

"I think you were a little savage," broke in Melbourne, with his hand before his mouth to hide that old nervous contraction which was now very noticeable.

"I? I hope not. I did not mean to be so. None of us can stand this constant bickering!"

"No; but then there is always the chance that Welden is not guilty after all, and if he is innocent, Wickersham is in the right."

"He can never be in the right, my boy, in disturbing the harmony of the club and intruding private and unwelcome opinions upon others."

"The murder case comes up wherever one goes," cried Miss Stoneborough. "Out West a man or two more or less didn't make much difference. One night, I remember, four fellows were shot down in their tracks for disagreeing about the kind of drinks best suited to the climate."

"My dear, forget such lawlessness," suggested Mrs. Tanquer.

The voice was very gentle, but Elizabeth felt the reproof, and for a moment she longed to run away from these people whom she knew were laughing at her, and perhaps she might have done so, had not Forest, leaning forward, said, earnestly:

"Don't, Maura, darling. One of the most attractive things about my future wife is her perfect fearlessness and frankness of speech. We are all too conventional. Let us learn from her bravery to call a spade a spade, and not mince our words. We have all devoted too much time and talk to this unhappy affair. What is done is done, and probably all concerned would give much to put the clock back a few months, but as none of us can bring our friend into our midst again, would it not be better taste to keep from referring to details we are all too well conversant with, and making our conversation savor of a justice court room? Please change the subject, and permit me to ask you to drink to my future happiness," raising his glass as he did so.

Even his sister did not know what this speech cost him, but a kinder feeling crept into his heart for Elizabeth when he saw her look of gratitude, and even the laugh did not grate upon him quite so much during the remainder of the evening.

CHAPTER XXIII.

As Lilly passed through the door of her new home, a thrill of horror seized her and she shuddered in the face of a cold, damp wave of air which blew in her face. Endeavoring to conquer herself, she entered, but upon looking about the darkened room, she threw herself down on the floor, and began to sob as though her heart would break, being joined by the baby, who, too, was frightened.

"With the baby held in her arms, Mrs. Sinclair bent over the prostrate girl and began to tenderly remonstrate:

"Lilly, Lilly, this is not brave. Come, dear, try to control yourself."

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Be sure and ask your agent for a copy of BOYCE'S WEEKLY, and if he does not handle it tell him you want a copy next week, and have him order a supply.

"This is a horrible house, Mary, horrible. I think it is haunted."

"Oh, nonsense! A girl of your sense talking like this. Just wait until we get it fixed up and you'll see how really cozy we can have it. The front room upstairs is very nice, and you are to have it all to yourself. See, you are to have the pick of the house," cheerfully. "Lilly, dear, you must not cry this way or you will make yourself ill. Dick, Dick, where are you? Come in here a moment."

Naughty as the Sinclair children might be, a request from their mother always met with instant response, so that as Dick was not on hand, Johnnie put his dirty face inside the door, and asked:

"What'm?"

So accustomed was Mrs. Sinclair to this substitution, and having only called Dick because his name first occurred to her mind, that she did not notice the difference, but dispatched Johnnie to the nearest restaurant for a pot of tea and two cups. Knowing of old that the children were capable of attending to themselves, she gave them a little money, with instructions to provide sufficient provisions for themselves, and then poured a cup of tea for herself and Lilly, which she supplemented with sandwiches from a basket. After she had drunk a cup of hot tea, Lilly, whose natural disposition was a very cheerful one, began to look on a less dark side of matters, and was very willing to follow her sister in a survey of the house, which was possible, as the storm had cleared away and the sun was setting in a blaze of glory. Ted, being called in, was sent ahead to open all the shutters, which in this old house were in the inside, and with the gorgeous light from the west brightening everything, it appeared much more homelike, and less like the dingy dungeon of an hour before.

Room by room they made a round of the house, and Lilly could not help being touched by the plans her sister made for her comfort; this, the sister whose love was never stronger than in these days of her need. The house was a large one, three stories high, with a basement, so there would be plenty of room for the family, and in which the scanty amount of furniture would be lost, but this did not dismay Mrs. Sinclair.

"We will have plenty of room for once. Really, Lilly, I do not believe that ever happened before, did it?"

"No; there has always been a sad lack of it," replied Lilly, laughing in spite of herself.

The two ladies were standing in the kitchen, one of the largest rooms in the house, from which a stairway led to the basement.

"As I usually have a couple of children about my feet, I am glad to have for once in my life, a large kitchen," Mrs. Sinclair continued; "but we are going to have a time with this floor, Lilly."

"So we are," Lilly replied, turning from the window, from which she had been looking, and wondering where Forest was and if she ever came into his thoughts, not knowing that at that very moment he was trying to banish her lovely face from his memory and be content with the substantial Elizabeth.

"What do you suppose made the painters so careless?" asked Mrs. Sinclair, looking at the floor.

"The paint is spilled down the steps, too," Lilly said, opening the door, and peering down into the gloom at unsightly blotches of red paint, which were also scattered all over the floor of the kitchen.

"Looks new, too," Mrs. Sinclair declared. "But probably it is an excuse for fixing up the floor. "We'll paint all over it when we get things fixed, won't we?"

Lilly eagerly assented, for she was becoming interested in the thought of arranging their new home, and was earnestly endeavoring to forget her unhappiness. From the kitchen, the two returned to other portions of the house, making plans and passing away the time, which would have otherwise hung heavily on their hands, while waiting for the furniture to arrive, for, although the wagons had left fully two hours before them, no trace had yet appeared. Still, moving was an experience they were well accustomed to, and there were no incidents connected with it to which they were not familiar. The children were well seasoned, also, but their active spirits needed some outlet, so after they had eaten everything purchased or borrowed, and well roused up the neighborhood by shouting commands to each other in voices calculated to pierce the thickest drum, Mrs. Sinclair and Lilly heard them screaming that Nancy and Bennie had fallen into the well, and ran to the rescue.

When they reached the little court in the rear of the building, under the elevated tracks, they found that with the good fortune which seemed to attend the children, no serious harm had been sustained. Upon questioning, it was ascertained that Teddy had thrown Bennie into the well to teach him to swim, and then dared Nancy to jump in after him. Of course, no girl of Nancy's spirit was going to take a dare, so she plunged in after the little brother. However, as the well consisted simply of a barrel sunk into the ground to catch the drippings from the eaves, they were easily rescued, and being Sinclair children, the wetting injured neither clothing nor persons. Scarcely had this been satisfactorily effected, when the furniture arrived, and for several hours the children were almost delirious with joy, working like little stokers, helping and hindering, but doing it all with such hearty good will that the movers actually forgot to be angry when they discovered that the harness had been so changed about that when they drove off the horses went their own way and left the wagon at a standstill in the middle of the street.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The bell in the private office of Henry Wickersham rung sharply, and an uniformed boy hurried to answer it. Every one moved rapidly about the premises of Wickersham & Son, for the controlling power there dwelt in the person of the son, who, while a firm and generous employer, would not tolerate any neglect.

When the boy opened the door he saw the young man sitting at his desk, brisk and alert as ever, although had he known it, Wickersham had not closed his eyes all night long.

"Bring me my mail."

"Yes, sir," and, having already known what was wanted, according to custom, the boy had had it in readiness, so that but a moment was consumed in placing the large pile of letters before his employer.

"There's a man here with something else for you."

"Let him come right in."

"A very quiet man, but with a certain reserve force about him, came in, touched his hat, but said nothing, and placed upon Wickersham's desk a heavy leather case, doubly padlocked. Saying nothing on his part, Wickersham took a key from his pocket, opened a private drawer in his desk, and took from it two keys with which he unfastened the case and lifted from it a bundle of papers, relocking the portfolio and dismissing the man with a nod of the head. When the latter had left the room, the young broker rose from his chair, locked the door, and began to look through the papers so quietly brought to him.

One by one, and they were many, he studied them carefully, a frown deepening as he did so, and at last when he finished, he pushed them back and sat looking at them for a few moments.

"Strange. Not a single tangible clew, and yet we are using a fine comb on this city."

Then he heaved a mighty sigh, and carefully added these papers to many similar ones in his private vault. A grim smile came over his face as he looked at them, lying there so apparently harmless, yet containing secrets enough to turn the whole of Chicago upside down.

"These must be destroyed when the case is over," he thought. "They are too dangerous for many parties to have a hand in. Have heard it said that every man has some secret potential or otherwise hidden away from the world. To judge from these papers the secrets are principally active in this city."

With the grim smile still on his face, Wickersham returned to his desk and began looking over his letters. Evidently he was not pleased here, either, for from one end of the pile to the other he could find no trace of a dainty, perfumed mauve envelope, with the monogram "A. C." in one corner. However, he carefully pursued his mail, marking the letters so that the correspondence could be handled by his secretary. Henry Wickersham had some ideas about business, which he would not relax. Believing that it was absolutely necessary for him to surround himself with capable employes, he had established a system, by means of which it was possible to work up from bell boy to positions of trust, and, therefore, only kept men about him. Correspondence was too important to be left to girls, who were without the necessary training before, or the hope of the future afterward, which could be given to men. His secretary was a man of great intelligence and carefully trained, who had his staff of stenographers under him, for Wickersham never went into details like Mr. Tanquer and some of the older business men. He managed his staff of employes, and saw that they did all the detail work for him. To be sure, he had had the advantage of taking charge of an old and well-established firm, but his success had been marvelous, and his men were devoted to him.

When his secretary came into the office of the little magnate, for magnate he was, not only in his own concern, but among the leading financial men of the country, that gentleman felt that he had cause for congratulation in the fact that nature had endowed him with a singularly equitable temper, for Wickersham was decidedly difficult to please on this particular day, and his associates in the financial operations he was engaged in during the morning, wondered what had made the usually levelheaded broker so arbitrary. Several press correspondents from the East who called to interview him on certain monetary conditions, went away with a very poor impression of his sagacity, while the bell boy trembled in his trim uniform. Decidedly, Henry Wickersham was not himself.

This idea was impressed upon a very pleasant, suave gentleman who was shown into Wickersham's office soon after the latter had returned from a hasty lunch, and he did not fail to comment upon it.

"See here, my boy, you must pull yourself together, or you'll break down."

Wickersham wearily drew his hand over his face as though to draw it into better condition as he gave vent to the exclamation:

"Nonsense."

"No; but really. Then, too, you are undoing good work."

"You mean at the club?"

"Yes; and at that theater party last night. You should have been there."

"I know, but my nerves are so out of order that I think I will leave inquiries to men who understand the art. My confounded temper fires up and off I go."

"That man was right in calling you down."

"Of course he was. Tanquer's a fine fellow, and I like him. We've had business relations together for years, and will continue to do so for years more, I hope. I wrote him a personal apology this morning, but under the conditions I can't stay in the club."

"You had best not. Those reports are discouraging."

"Yes; either a master hand has been at work or the men do not understand their business."

"Hal, you know I would not give you incompetent men. Not only are my best men at work, but I have sent East for the very pick of secret service men. Some of the finest work is being done that ever came under my eyes, and you know I understand what I am talking about."

Wickersham wrung the hand of the man to whom he had entrusted the work of tracking down the murderer of Frank Welden, but said nothing. Before the subject could receive further discussion, the bell boy announced Mr. Helms, whom he had had instructions to admit. The three gentlemen had thoroughly sifted every particle of evidence together, but they went over it carefully once more, and Mr. Helms finally made the statement that he was changing his opinion with regard to his client.

"At first I was thoroughly convinced he was guilty, but now he is shielding some one."

"And we know who."

"Wickersham, we know absolutely nothing. What we may think, imagine, fear, or trust, is not knowledge."

"I am convinced."

Both Mr. Helms and the detective sighed. Really, Wickersham was hard to deal with, and he, seeing their annoyance, could not help smiling.

"See here, I know that my holding to an idea when once I get hold of it does make you good and tired, but just have patience and we will win out in the end."

As that was about all they could do, especially as the fiery little man was offering almost unheard-of fees to both, they smiled in turn, and after talking a little further relative to some new moves anticipated, which might result in securing almost necessary information, they parted, the callers to carry out the instructions of Wickersham, and he to eagerly read a letter handed him just as they were leaving.

"Dear Friend: If you know how unhappy your not being at Mrs. Tanquer's theater party made me, you would be satisfied. I just laughed and tried to look happy, and perhaps I did look so, but down in my heart I felt like crying, and I did after I reached home and found your nice letter and those lovely, lovely lilies of the valley, which I would have worn if I had received them in time, but I was at Mrs. Tanquer's to dinner, you know. Please come and let me thank you for those sweet flowers. Yours in all sincerity, Ada Campbell."

Few men were more astute than Wickersham in business matters. He was a manly man, fond of the sports and pursuits of his sex, yet perhaps because of this very reason, he had always admired women like Ada Campbell, gentle, tender, clinging, perhaps a little deceitful, but very lovable. His love for the charming girl would not have been diminished in the least had he known that her dinner had been eaten at home, or that she had worn the violets simply because they matched her dress better than his offering. It soothed his disturbed self-love, to have her write him that she was unhappy, for he had seen her looking decidedly happy and contented the night before, and he did not stop to inquire into motives, but simply admired all the more. And later on in the course of events was rewarded by having his romance happily consummated.

"Dear little thing, she did miss me," he whispered, forgetting for the moment the worries which were almost overpowering him, and it was in this softened frame of mind that he received Forest Melbourne.

Extending his hand, Wickersham welcomed him cordially and invited him to help himself to a cigar."

"Thanks. Good weed."

"I never care for any other."

The two men puffed away in silence for a moment, then Melbourne commenced:

"I did not come in here to tell you that your cigars are good."

"Well, you might do worse," laughingly.

"Have often. But all nonsense aside, I want a favor."

"Spit it out. If I can be of any service, you know I'm your man."

"Yes, I know it; but I have to intrude a private matter upon you."

"You can do that."

"I know it, Hal. You're a man who inspires confidence. Just a word about myself. A man like you, self-reliant, a man who makes and unmakes other men, must feel contempt for one like me."

"No, no."

"But I say yes," shading his working under lip, with a hand almost as delicate as his sister's.

"Never in all my life have I done a single useful thing. Tanquer has taken care of me, and been very generous. Still, living off another man, however rich he may be, is not very inspiring."

"Forest, I know all this. Tanquer's spoiled you a little on your sister's account. You have been like a son to him. You are going to have a great change about. Let Miss Stoneborough impart some of her business sense to you. There's a woman in a hundred for you. Yes; I know she is a little uncultured, but take her abroad for a few months. I know her well, Forest, and I appreciate her."

The young man's face had flushed crimson, but he could not but be touched by his friend's words, and he returned:

"Much too good for me; but it is upon another matter I have come today. As I have said, I am spoiled, ruined; I have lived a life which I would give a good deal to undo; but it is past and cannot be taken back. Still, there is one deed which I can never undo."

"Yes?"

"Wickersham, did you ever make a woman curse the day she saw you, did you—"

"Oh, I see."

"Yes."

"Well, what can I do?" and Wickersham looked at the glowing end of his cigar intently, but with a kindly expression on his face.

"Just this, Hal. There's no use to tell you any more, is there?"

"I can imagine the story."

"Not all. You can never imagine her beauty, her sweetness, the brutality with which I treated her. But, Hal, she's gone. I can't find her high or low."

"Well, that is best, under the conditions, is it not?"

"But, Hal, she's in no condition to battle with the world. I can find no trace of her anywhere. She left her position, her old home, and has vanished. Her face haunts me everywhere I go."

"And you want me——"

"To have her hunted up for me. I heard you say once that a friend of yours was head of a private inquiry agency. Have this done for me, Hal, and no matter what the expense, I'll foot it."

"From Miss Stoneborough's money?"

Forest's fists clenched, but he answered, quietly:

"I deserve that. No; I always have plenty of money. My lesson has been learned. I cannot pretend I am making a love match. I am forced into this, Hal; how, I cannot tell. I must marry Elizabeth Stoneborough, and when I do, no woman will have a more faithful husband. What's more, no one dare say one word against her to my face, whatever they may say behind my back."

"And if I find this other girl?"

"All I want to do is to provide for her and our child. She refused money from me, but you might manage."

Wickersham hesitated. Then he looked at the young face before him. He thought of possible sorrow in store for him, of the pain and trouble writen on the features which should still retain their boyish contour, but were worn, and his marvelous dark eyes encircled with blue rings half way down the cheeks.

"Have you a photo of her?" he asked, finally looking up.

"A dozen, but, Hal, you knew her. She was that beautiful girl at the lace counter at Pasture's."

"Oh, the one Frank Welden dragged us all in to see."

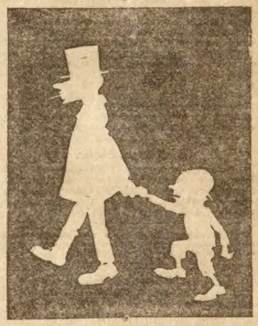
"Yes; and drove me mad with his admiration."

Wickersham hesitated no longer, but, leaning forward, stretched out his hand, and, grasping Forest's firmly, said, heartily:

"Very well, I'll do all within my power not only to find the poor girl, but to see that she is properly provided for, and, my boy, you are nearer being a man today than you ever have been during the whole of your thoughtless life."

This exceedingly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Any one desiring to subscribe regularly for the paper will be sent a camera or patterns free, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Looking Ahead.



Willie—Pa, ain't you goin' away on a vacation soon?

Father—Why do you ask, my boy?

Willie—'Cause I want to make a date to punch dat Dubbins kid nex' door.

Billy's Beeattitoods.

By Willie Smartweed.

Blessud iz thee skellytun, for it don't haf to ware enny clothes.

Blessud iz the smoll man, for thare hain't soo mutch of him to have hives on.

Blessud are thee fellers in jale, for they don't haf too eet brekfust foods.

Blessud iz thee farmer, for hee hain't a summer border and paying for hiz bored in thee country.

Blessud iz thee man whoo haz fitts, for hee can forget thee price of ice for a fue minnits ennynow.

Blessud iz thee parylized, for they can't feal thee prickly heet.

Blessud iz the man at thee summer resorts, for hee haz thee biggest pudding of um all.

Blessud iz thee man that iz busted, for hee don't haf to buy tickets to church sochibles.

Blessud iz thee man whoo haz no frends, for then hee don't haf too lone enny munny.

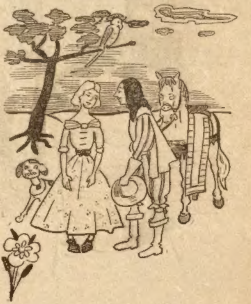
Blessud iz thee little boy whoo dide last yeer from colerymorbus, for hee don't haf too doo it agen this yeer.

Blessud iz thee poor boy, for hee can goe bearfooted and get stone broozes and things and have mutch fun.

Blessud iz thee gurl whoo can goe too the summer resorts, for shee will have moar fellers than all thee uthers put toogeather.

Blessud iz thee deef man, for hee can't hear thee fellers say, "Is itt hot enuff for yoo?"

Next Thing to It.



"Hast ever been kissed, maiden?"

"Naw; but I've had my cheek bitten by a dawg."

SUBURBANITES

Breakfast on Coffee, a Roll and a Rush for the Train.

The commuter who bolts down a few mouthfuls of food and hurries to catch the train usually catches dyspepsia as well.

The "coffee and roll" road to ill health is not necessary for there is an easy, pleasant way to get back to health and shake off all the coffee diseases by shifting to Postum Food Coffee. "For a number of years I was a business woman rising early and swallowing a roll and a cup of coffee just in time to catch a train. A feeling of nausea or palpitation and a continual dullness in the eyes and head invariably followed my coffee breakfasts until one day a good angel in the guise of a woman friend bade me try Postum Food Coffee in place of coffee.

"Always trying to be progressive in my daily life I accepted the advice and the result was I found Postum a delicious clear coffee-colored beverage suited to the stomach and satisfying to the appetite. After using Postum faithfully for a month I was surprised at the result in my health. All symptoms of dyspepsia or nervousness had disappeared and because of this marked benefit I reasoned that if such a simple and inexpensive remedy could prove such benefit in my case why was it not my duty to let other sufferers know about Postum. So I began to try to help my friends and I have helped many to shake off sickness by recommending Postum in place of coffee.

"There was one who was a victim of nervous dyspepsia and who craved coffee to such an extent that he invariably drank it in spite of medical advice not to do so and I could not persuade him to change, so got his wife to give him Postum in the morning for a few days without saying anything to him about it. The result was really wonderful. He did not detect the change but noticed that he got over his indigestion. Then we told him the truth about it and now he takes his Postum regularly and is so far relieved of his nervousness that his physician predicts a speedy cure. He likes the Postum just as well as he used to love the coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Music on the Pacific.

A Boston composer has set some of Walt Whitman's poems to music. It doubtless sounds like a load of scrapiron coming down a particularly rocky road on an especially quiet night.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25 cents a bottle.

He Didn't Count.

"So your house is being built at last?"

"Yes."

"I thought the plans didn't suit you?"

"Oh, they don't, but they suit my wife and the architect now."

Radisson on the Chippewa.

A new town in Sawyer County, Wis., on the Omaha Road. Located on both the Chippewa and Couderay Rivers in center of a most fertile and promising hardwood district. Good muscallonge, bass and pike fishing in both rivers. Exceptional opportunities for landseekers. If looking for a new location don't fail to see this new country. For map and full particulars write to Postmaster, Radisson, Sawyer Co., Wis., or to T. W. Teasdale, General Passenger Agent, C., St. P., M. & O. Ry., St. Paul.

Cause for Joy.

"My darling! What delights you so? What is it that fills your eyes with the glad light of happiness, and——"

"Oh, Theobald, just think! Cook is going to remain with us, after all! Mrs. Goodparty, for whom she was going to work, dropped dead last night. Oh, wasn't it too sweet of her; and, you know, I always fancied she disliked me."

An Apt Pupil.

"The great trouble with you," said Mrs. Jaggsby to her husband the next morning, "is your inability to say 'no. Learn to say it at the proper time and you will have fewer headaches."

"I can see where you are right, my dear," replied he of the throbbing temples.

"By the way," continued Mrs. J. "I want to do a little shopping today. Can you let me have ten dollars?"

"No!" thundered the wily Jaggsby, without a moment's hesitation.

Paid What He Could.

Everbroke—I want to pay you something on account.

Tailor (rubbing his hands)—Ah, I'm glad to see you.

Everbroke—Yes; I want to pay you a compliment on your artistic way of dunning. Sh—not a word—you deserve it. Good morning.

More in Need of the Prayers.

The Parson—I intend to pray that you may forgive Casey for having thrown that brick at you.

The Patient—Mebbe yer riv'rence 'ud be saving toime if ye'd just wait till Oi git well an' then pray fer Casey.

Evidently Truthful.

Miss Van Der Whoop—Yes, Miss Binns, I am the youngest member of one of the oldest families in New York.

Miss Binns (envious)—I don't doubt that it's the oldest family—if you're the youngest member!

Same Thing.

"Yes, Miss Octave is a very tidy girl. She always keeps her music on the rack when she is not playing."

"And when she is playing?"

"She keeps her hearers on the rack."

The Shearing Habit.

Hostess—Mozart, you know, lived in poverty, died in want, and was buried in the potter's field. How do you account for that?

Professor Thumpkowski—I fear me he vent too often to dose barper shops.

The Envy of Rivals.

Brue—There goes a man whom I envy, and, curious as it may seem, he envies me.

Friend—How can that be?

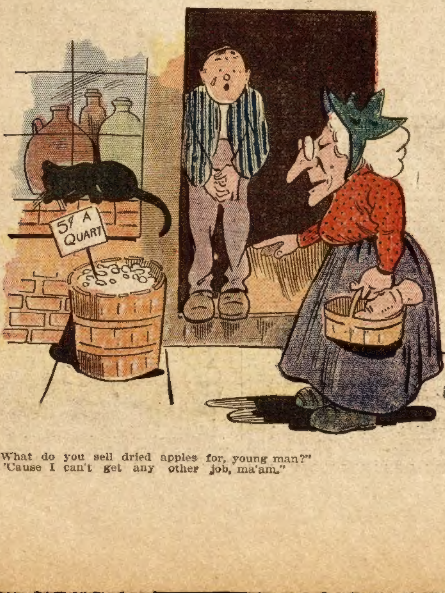
Brute—We were both after the same woman—and I married her.

A Welcome for a Good Boy.

"Sure an' there's great rayjoicin' at the home tonight. Me boy Terence is pardoned from jail for good behavior."

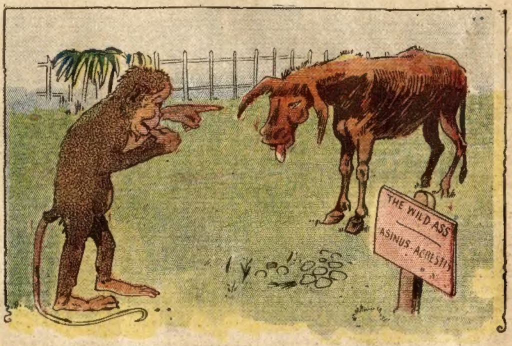
"Sure, Mrs. Mulligan, an' yez ought to be proud av such a good b'y as that."

NO DOUBT OF IT.



"What do you sell dried apples for, young man?"
"'Cause I can't get any other job, ma'am."

IN THE ZOO.



The Monkey—I see they call you the wild ass. Why is that?
The Wild Ass—Well, wouldn't you be wild if you were always being called an ass?

Distressing Stomach Disease

Quickly cured to stay cured by the masterly power of Drake's Palmetto Wine. Invalids no longer suffer from this dreadful malady, because this remarkable remedy cures absolutely every form of stomach trouble. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and constipation, as well as a regulator of the kidneys and liver.

Only one dose a day, and a cure begins with the first dose. No matter how long or how much you have suffered you are certain of cure with one small dose a day of Drake's Palmetto Wine, and to convince you of this fact the Drake Formula Company, 96 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill., will send a trial bottle of Drake's Palmetto Wine free and prepaid to every reader of the Chicago Ledger who desires to make a thorough test of this splendid tonic Palmetto remedy. A postal card or letter will be your only expense.

Volcanoes Explained.

A negro preacher down South has discovered the real cause of the recent volcanic disasters. He said:

"De earf, my friends, resolves on axels, as we all know. Somefin' is needed to keep the axels greased, so when de earf was made, petrolyum was put inside for dat purpose. De Standard Oil Comp'ny comes along an' strax dat petrolyum by borin' holes in de earf. De earf stix on its axels an' won't go round no more; den dere is a hot box, just as ef de earf wuz a big railway train—and den, my friends, dere is trouble."

Religion Made no Difference.

Police Inspector Schmittberger's associates are fond of telling an incident that occurred when he was newly appointed to the police force. One of the citizens on his beat was addicted to sleepwalking, and woke one night to find himself in the grasp of the zealous officer.

"Hold on!" cried the man. "You mustn't arrest me. I'm a somnambulist."

"I don't care a cuss what your religion is—you can't walk the streets in your nightshirt!"

A Gambler Rebuked.

"I am a self-made man," said the proud individual.

"Well, you are all right, except as to your head," commented the other part of the conversation.

"How's that?"

"The part you talk with is out of proportion to the part you think with."

A Sure Sign of Poverty.

Mr. Newrocks—What sort of folks are the Bluebloods next door, Mariah?

Mrs. Newrocks (patronizingly)—Pleasant; but they must be frightfully hard up. They haven't got any mechanical attachment for their piano and have to play it by hand.

A Cautious Hero.

Wigger—But when their boat capsized, how did it happen that you gave your attention to saving the man instead of the woman?

Brandt—A man, you know, wouldn't feel it incumbent upon him to want to marry me to show his gratitude.

Social Talents.

"Sometimes you hear it remarked of women that they have social talents.

The Greek talent was $1,182.19.

The social talent, however, is rather more owing to the high price of provisions. Fo while society can dance as well as eat, it i often too warm to dance.

Some women are born talented, som marry talents, while some have the facult of beating their bills.

Social talents, like other forms of excessive wealth, are exempt from taxation.

Summer Thought.

"This heat is enough to drive a man t suicide."

"If he's a fool."

"I'm not so sure."

"Well, a good man won't kill himself anyway, and a man who isn't good certainl would be foolish to kill himself to escap the heat."

Entertaining the Pastor.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly was making one o his pastoral calls at the Upjohn mansion.

"Doctor," said little Johnny, during a pause in the conversation, "I wish you would tell me what you think of the doctrine of prestidigitation."

Home Violence.

Sam—Yes, Ah was in de great waitahs' strike.

Remus—Was dere eny violence?

Sam—Ah shud say so. When Ah wen home widout eny wages mah wife rappe me wid a broomstick en shet de doah.

Similar but Different.

Timkins—What are you doing now?

Simkins—Oh, I have a summer engagement on the boards.

Timkins—What! As an actor?

Simkins—No; as a driver for a lumbe dealer.

Tugboat Smoke.

"I am afraid they'll catch me," whispered the fugitive. "The description states I hav on a white shirt."

"It won't be white long," assured th friend; "you have to cross one of the Chicago River bridges."

John's Mishap.

A Chinaman once lost his queue,
And he didn't know what to dueue;
He searched here and there
And almost everywhere,
But it never more came to his vueue.

Down and Out.

Uptown—Say, isn't that richly-dresse woman across the street your cook?

Suburb—No; we did make our home wit her for a while, but she discharged us last week.

Saw His Finish.

"Oh! Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Naggs, "I've bitten off the end of my tongue!"

"Well, I certainly feel sorry for myself," rejoined the heartless Naggs. "Hereafter there will be no end to your tongue."

JOLLITY
WEIR.

The Men and the Maidens.

The fair Lady Maude made no effort to conceal her disdain.

"Instead of the knight errant we have the mere knight of the garter," she exclaimed, with curling lip.

"And in the stead of the maiden who kept a dragon guessing, we have the maiden whom a garter snake can beleaguer!" quoth Sir Lancelot, with infinite pathos.

Light on the Subject.

He—I suppose you are aware of the tender feeling I have for you?

She—No; I'm quite in the dark.

He—That being the case permit me to suggest that we strike a match.

Even Worse.

Stubb—No, I can't get along with my wife. Everything I say she retorts: "I beg to differ with you!'

Penn—You are lucky, old man. My wife just differs without taking the time to beg.

Each to His Taste.

Father—What is the use of my earning money if you spend it as fast as I make it?

Son—That's all right, father. I enjoy spending it just as much as you do making it.

Smoking Worse Than Ever.

Jim—Habit is an awful thing. Old Cyrus Meaner, who put through that deal on the small stockholders, is smoking again.

Jack—Why, I thought he was dead?

Jim—He is.

A Wingless Angel.

Bilson—Jimson seems to be devoted to his wife.

Timson—No wonder. She is the most angelic creature I ever saw. Why, I believe she could even keep a girl.

Just Possible.

Willie—Say, pa, why is a girl called a miss?

Pa—She is probably so called, my son, because she is unable to hit anything she throws at.

Our Domestics.

"Pa," said little Willie, who had been reading a cigar store advertisement, "what's imported and domestic?"

"A servant girl," replied pa, promptly.

The Cause of His Fervor.

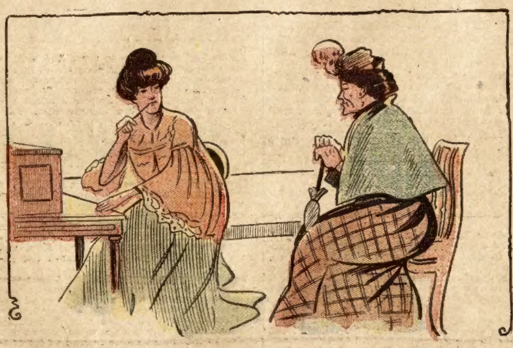
"The deacon seems to be makin' an awful long prayer," whispered Aunt Martha.

"Yes," muttered Uncle Silas. "I s'pose he's got another bet up on some hoss race."

Tears.

A damsel weeps because she's blue.
"What good, dear heart, will weeping do?"
"A lot," says she, and lifts her head,
And lo! her nose at least is red.

MERCIFUL RESTRAINT.



M'stress—I understand you left your last place without a character.

Maid—Sure, ma'am, I didn't like to tell the gal that was goin' there what kind of a character the missus 'ad got, so I just said nuthin'.

Better Thus.

"Don't you think," asked the anxious young playwright after the first performance, "that I might have improved it some by putting it in three instead of four acts?"

"Well, no," the critic replied. "I hardly think so. The curtain wouldn't be down as much in that case as it is now."

High.

Customer—Block me out a pair of mutton-chop whiskers.

Barber——Yes, suh. Cost yuh quahtah, suh.

Customer—Ain't that pretty steep?

Barber—Well, meats am pow'ful high, suh.

Mud.

"Any mud-slinging?"

"Yes; they printed our man's portrait, taken when he was 22. But we soon spiked their guns."

"Yes?"

"Yes, sir; we printed their man's oration when he graduated from the high school."

Favorable Comment.

Clara—How well you looked at the fancy ball.

Maud—Think so?

Clara—Oh, yes; you had on such a becoming mask.

Did It Tickle His Fingers?

Ping—How did that old deaf mute injure his knuckles so?

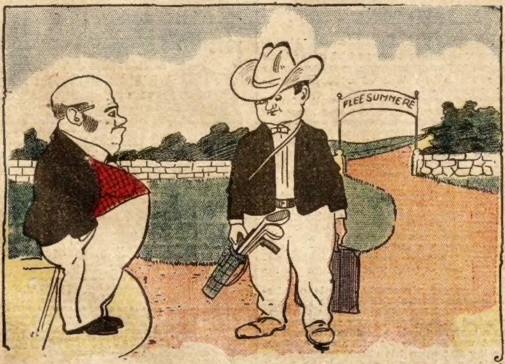
Pong—Why, he tried to crack one of Chauncey's latest jokes."

Football.

"They had the finest tally-ho there, but they were dreadfully noisy."

"Yes; they acted as if they thought it was grand opera instead of football."

THE VITAL QUESTION.



Visitor—Have I time to bid my wife good-by before the train goes?
Landlord—I don't know, sir. How long have you been married?

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TANNING HUMAN SKIN.

Happening to come across the other day the catalogue of a book auction in 1864, when a book on the Constitution of the French Republic, bound in human skin in the year 1793, was offered for sale, a book lover was prompted to inquire whether the human skin had ever been put to such a use before or since.

The inquiry led to a number of surprising revelations. It was not merely during the excesses of the French Revolution that such things were done, but as long ago as the thirteenth century he found there were in existence several such books, including a Latin Bible very handsomely engrossed upon a woman's skin. In 1765 the "French Encyclopedie" gave a recipe for tanning human skin, and stated that M. Sue, a surgeon in Paris, had presented the king with a pair of slippers made of human skin according to this prescription.

During the reign of Napoleon III. a copy of the Decretals, written on human skin, was found in the library of the Sorbonne and transferred to the Tuileries. John Ziska, the one-eyed chief of the Hussites, ordered in his will that his skin should be tanned and made into a drum. "The noise which my skin will make," said he, "will frighten away all our enemies and put them to flight."

It was, however, at the time of the French Revolution that this art was developed to its greatest extent. A man presented himself one day at the bar of the Convention and announced that he had devised a simple and original scheme for procuring leather in abundance. The committee of public safety granted him a concession of the Castle of Meudon, where he carried on his work with a certain amount of secrecy. In return for the concession the members of the committee were privileged to be among the first to wear top boots made of human skin.

This tannery of Meudon acquired considerable notoriety. A great number of books were bound with the leather turned out there, and Philippe Egalite, Duke of Orleans, encouraged the tannery by wearing a pair of breeches made there with human skin at a ball in the Palais-Royal. The republican, Gen. Beysser, who made himself a name by his ferocity in the wars of La Vandee, set the fashion of wearing similar trousers in the army, always wearing a pair at battles and at reviews.

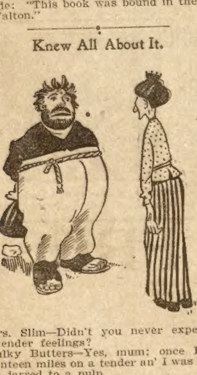
An old soldier who had taken part in most of the campaigns of the French Revolution, told a writer of memoirs in the middle of this century that he had owned a specially fine garment of this kind, made entirely of one piece. An architect, who was one of the leaders of the infamous Black Band of France in 1823, which for a long time terrorized the country districts in the west of France, wore a jacket made of human skin, comely and exceedingly comfortable.

The infamous Saint-Just, when at the height of his power during the Reign of Terror, caused a young and beautiful girl, who had refused his advances, to be arrested and sent to the scaffold. After the execution he obtained possession of the body, flayed it himself, and had the skin tanned and made into a waistcoat, which he wore until the day of his death. The tannery of Meudon and its imitators carried on the process on an extensive scale, and must have made a good deal of money by tanning the skins of the victims of the Revolution for every sort of commercial purpose.

Oil extracted from human bodies was also placed upon the market and sold.

Since those days the process has naturally become much rarer, but Dibdin relates how at a comparatively recent date a collector possessed a treatise on sport bound in stag's skin; a copy of Fox's "History of James II." bound in fox's skin, and a book on anatomy bound in human skin. In 1837 the narrative of the adventures of a highwayman was bound in his own skin at Boston, Mass., with the inscription in Latin outside: "This book was bound in the skin of Walton."

Knew All About It.



Mrs. Slim—Didn't you never experience no tender feelings?

Bulky Butters—Yes, mum; once I rode seventeen miles on a tender an' I was pretty nigh jarred to a pulp.

Accounted for.

A bald-headed professor reproving a youth for exercising his fists, said: "We fight with our heads at this college." The youth reflected a moment, then replied: "Ah, I see. That's how you have butted all your hair off."

Favorable Indication.

"Miss Charmington says she is very fond of animals," remarked Bliggens' sister.

"Perhaps there's hopes for me, then," said Bliggens. "She called me a brute the other day."

DENVER DICK'S STRATEGY;

OR, DOWNING THE BOSS OF TELLURDIE.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM PERRY.

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Begun in No. 30, July 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A STRUGGLE AGAINST DEATH.

But swift as were the motions of the boss of Telluride, those of Denver Dick were even quicker.

With the flash of steel in the lantern's light came the report of the Denver Sport's pistol, accompanied by a flash of fire.

The knife fell clattering to the floor and Murdoch uttered an exclamation of pain and rage as his arm sank, shattered at the wrist.

"I do not want to kill you if it can be helped," began Denver Dick. "Ah! will you!"

The boss of Telluride, beside himself with fury, sprang at the resolute form of the man-hunter, regardless of the fatal revolver.

Denver Dick could have shot him dead, but he desired to capture him alive for justice to deal with, so dropping his weapon, he seized Murdoch's left arm, in which a small derringer had mysteriously appeared, and twisting that member harshly, caused the little pistol to drop.

At the same time he pressed Murdoch backward and thrust out his foot, giving the boss a dexterous trip that brought the latter to the ground.

"Now, Miss," called Denver Dick. "Give me the cloth strips. We will have this fellow to rights in a jiffy."

As he bound the man, Murdoch subsided into a dogged silence.

"Look at his long, strong fingers, Mr. Bryant," said the Sport, as he was examining Murdoch's wounded arm. "Are they not well fitted to squeeze the breath out of human windpipes?"

"Do you mean to say that he is really the famous Jack the Strangler the papers were full of several years back?" asked the horrified old gentleman.

"If pictures and detectives don't lie, he is bound to be the man."

"The wretch!" exclaimed Miss Bryant, gazing upon him in horror.

Murdoch's eyes, if mere looks could have killed, would certainly have effected such an end, but all he said was:

"I only hope the powder will go off. If I am to die, I want plenty of company. Curse you all!"

"Had we better not shout for help?" asked the old gentleman. Before any answer was made to this suggestion they heard the key turn in the lock and the door was flung open by Casey, the innkeeper, who stared at the four in astonishment.

"Hooroo!" he exclaimed. "And here ye are at last. We've been a huntin' for ye iverywhere."

Turning back, he shouted in his loudest tones:

"This way, boys! Here is Denver Dick and his friends, and, by the powers! if he hasn't got Rid Murdoch hard and fast, too."

But Gentry, pushing the Bryants before him, came forward.

"Help those folks out of here, quick! The whole place may blow up at any minute! I will fetch the prisoner."

Though but half comprehending the meaning of these words, Casey and two others took hold of Mr. Bryant and Ellen, conveying them through the large cellar. All were vaguely uneasy.

The Colorado Sport turned back and picked up the boss, who, recoiling from this, managed to burst his bonds, owing to their weakness.

"Those strips of cloth are rotten, I guess." commented Denver Dick. "But here goes with you, anynow."

The man-hunter was a large man and the boss of Telluride a small one, and the latter's disabled arm seemed to dispose Murdoch to resist no further, as Denver Dick picked him up and followed the others into the larger cellar.

The Bryants, with Casey and others, had already disappeared. As he was hastening toward the stairs with his struggling burden a fierce hissing sound near by struck his ear.

"That must be the fuse," he said. "Where is it? I may be able to put it out."

"You shall put out nothing," declared Murdoch, now desperate, through the failure of all his schemes, and conscious that the man responsible for the same was Dick Gentry. "You shall die. We will go to hell together!"

So saying, he flung his arms around the Colorado Sport, regardless of the pain caused by his wounded wrist, and endeavored to prevent the former from doing anything whatever.

"I don't want to hurt you unnecessarily, my man," said Gentry, "but time presses. Let go of me!"

Red Murdoch clung only the closer and also wound his legs about Denver Dick, though groaning the while and cursing with pain.

"If you won't!" exclaimed Gentry, angrily, "take that!"

Exerting his own matchless strength to the full, he tore Murdoch's grasp loose and flung him half way across the cellar, where he lay half stunned for a few seconds, then crawled weakly behind some boxes and barrels that lay close by, in a last effort to shelter himself from the impending disaster.

Robbed of any power to force death upon Gentry his own desire for life revived as the imminence of a horrible death was dinned in his ears by the loudly sputtering fuse.

In the meantime the Colorado Sport endeavored to locate the sounds that indicated the locality of the powder, though his heart beat rapidly as he thought that each passing second might be his last.

"It must come from under these stairs," he concluded to himself. "Ah! Here is a door!"

He attempted to open it, but Burl Yates had locked it and cast away the key, as the rascal made his way to safety himself.

Denver Dick applied his ear to the keyhole and no longer doubted as to where the powder was. Directly inside, and apparently almost within reach of his arm, but for the intervening door, sputtered the fatal fuse.

The situation was maddening. There was a possibility of escape for himself, but Gentry was anxious to save the lives of any who might be in the building above. He also feared, that if a fire was started by the explosion, the whole town might go, owing to the inflammable nature of its construction.

"Ha! Murdoch may have the key," thought the Denver Sport.

He looked about, but the boss of Telluride had disappeared behind the packing cases and barrels.

"Murdoch, where are you?" he called. "I want the key to the room where the powder is. Answer, man!"

Gentry did not know it, but the truth was Red Murdoch had at this juncture fainted away, owing to the pain of his shattered wrist and the violence with which he had been hurled by Denver Dick.

The latter, feeling that he had no time to search for the boss, looked around him in desperation, when his eye lighted upon the beam which had been used in battering down the door at the head of the stairs.

It was long and heavy, being a good load for two ordinary men, but Gentry seized it, raised it in his arms, and exerting his great strength, brought it against the small door leading to the powder closet.

The door fell in at the first crash, thus precipitating the very catastrophe which he was striving to avert, by upsetting one of the open kegs. The powder was scattered upon the floor by the barrel and among the other kegs. At the same time one corner of the falling door, rasping against the wall, knocked down the nearly exhausted fuse.

In the fraction of a second Denver Dick saw this and measured the consequence certain to follow almost instantaneously.

He saw the severed and still sputtering fuse falling down upon the scattering powder, and as he dropped the scantling, settled upon his course of action by darting at his utmost speed, and by the light of the lantern that was still there, back to the small, strong apartment whence they all had so recently emerged.

Slamming the door, he had barely crouched in the nearest corner when the crash came.

CHAPTER XIX.

IMPRISONED.

There was a roar such as had never been heard in Telluride before, a tremendous jar and a shock like that of a dozen earthquakes combined.

Denver Dick felt the thick wall of masonry quiver and bulge, and was presently sensible of a general upheaval and giving away of everything around, as it seemed.

The floor gave way, and something striking him heavily, pressed him to the earth with a force almost stifling. His head roared, his ears were deafened, and his senses stunned.

Whether he became unconscious or not he was unable to tell, but for a few moments or so all outward things were blurred and confused to his disarranged faculties.

Loud voices aroused him and when he opened his eyes a welcome glimmer of daylight met his gaze, though something immovable was cruelly pressing him to the earth.

He attempted vigorously to release himself, but the effort appeared to be hopeless, as one of the heavy sleepers from the floor above had been thrown down and lodged in such a way as to pin him down, though its weight was held up by other obstructions.

He lay flat upon his chest, but by turning his head he could see that the whole cellar was filled with a confused mass of boards, timbers and other debris, over which was a cloud of dust and smoke, and through which filtered the daylight.

The heavy sleeper, though pressing him close, also kept from him a mass of material that would have crushed out his life but for this protection, and as it was, rendered his extraction extremely doubtful.

There was a distant crackling of flames denoting that fire was at work, adding its horrors to the other calamities incident to the scene.

He kept up his efforts and shouted for aid, but the voices he had heard, died away and he reserved his strength for other measures.

He soon found it impossible to move the weight that held him down, nor could he move forward, owing to the crumbling wall. With unremitting toil he strove to worm himself backward, but with his shoulders still under the sleeper, he found further progress barred by the fallen masses of the upper building.

"Good heavens!" he thought. "Am I to die here like a rat in a hole? I don't seem to be heard, yet Casey ought to know I am in here somewhere. But where are Casey and the Bryants?"

The fear that they, too, might have failed to escape discouraged him greatly, and for a moment he entertained a desperate idea, under a feeling that he was doomed himself.

With considerable effort he drew forth a loaded revolver and even went so far as to place the muzzle against his temple. Then his nobler feelings conquered and he withdrew the weapon.

"Shame on me," he thought. "As long as there is life there should be hope. Ah! What is that?"

A groan and a hollow voice issued from the mass of ruins that now filled the large cellar.

"H-e-l-p! H-e-l-p! Yet, what's the use? I'm about gone——"

"That must be Red Murdoch," thought Gentry. "I fear he will cheat the hangman yet."

The voice and succeeding groans indicated that the explosion had thrown the owner of it to within a few feet of Denver Dick's present position, though upon the other side of the still intervening wall.

The latter saw that the door had been shivered by the shock and he was able to worm his way toward his right sufficiently to bring his face close to a wide crack through which, by the light of the flames beyond, he could see the prostrate form of the boss, half crushed by the weight of timbers and brick work.

"Murdoch," said Gentry, "are you badly hurt?"

"Who is that? Did I hear anything?"

"You heard me. I am Richard Gentry. Can we not help each other in some way to get out of this?"

"No; and if I could be helped I wouldn't be. You'd only hand me over to the Denver and Chicago police. Oh! Oh! What misery!"

"Are you badly hurt?"

"Didn't I say yes? I think my back's broke and I know my ribs are crushed in. Curse you! I'll not live to be arrested. That's one consolation."

"I may never get out to arrest you. I am fast myself."

"That's one good job. The fire will do for both of us. I'm glad of it—if you go, too."

The groans and convulsive movements of the boss convinced Denver Dick that Murdoch was really dying. He bent forward as far as he could and thrusting his lips through the crevice, he asked:

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"Murdoch, before you go, tell me one thing."

"I hate you. You have thwarted me. But, go ahead. I'm a dead man, anyhow."

"How many murders have you really committed?"

"If I had my strength back—you and I—fight—it out. I'd—kill—you. That would be one more."

"You are now practically a dead man, Murdoch The affairs of this world are over for you Why not confess——"

"Never! I hate you—I hate everybody. Jack, the Strang——"

The voice of the boss, which had rapidly grown weaker, subsided into unintelligible gasps and mutterings.

"Yes," said Dick Gentry, eagerly. "What about him?"

Murdoch groaned heavily, and seemed to exert himself in spite of the terrible pains that were undoubtedly eating his life away.

"Look—back wall—this—house——"

But there was no further reply, and after a few moans and gasps the man lay still, and the Colorado Sport felt sure that the arch conspirator against the Bryants and the ex-boss of Telluride was dead.

"That is an end of Jack the Strangler," concluded Gentry. "Now, for myself. Will I ever get out of here alive?"

Renewed shouts from above instilled further hope into his spirit, and lifting up his voice once more he called for aid.

CHAPTER XX

CONCLUSION.

Denver Dick's call was at last answered and ready hands were soon at work throwing aside the debris over his place of imprisonment.

But looking again through the crevice of the door he saw that a new danger was threatening him from the fire among the ruins in the main cellar, which had not only reached the body of Murdoch, but was creeping nearer the imprisoned man, who now had only a shivered wooden door between himself and the flames.

"I will not be roasted alive," he exclaimed.

Then he urged the rescuers to hurry and seizing the edge of the door he began the almost hopeless task of pulling himself up by its aid.

The heavy sleeper tore the clothes from his back and bruised the skin, but still he persevered, and finally stood upright, though almost wedged to the wall by the weight of timbers behind.

The heat and smoke were becoming unbearable. He heard the tones of Miss Bryant directing something to be done.

"I guess all the rest of them are safe," he thought. "Ha! what is this—a rope?"

"Catch hold of it!" cried Casey, who was standing on a large timber overhead. "We'll pull ye up or burst something a thryin'."

The Colorado Sport slipped the noose under his arms, and while some of those above pried the timbers back with poles, others drew him up through the narrow aperture thus made to safety.

"Are all on our side safe?" was his first question, as his friends gathered round and shook hands.

"Yis, but, begorra! the hotel's gone'" said Casey. "Howiver, I've got a good insurance on the same."

Mr. Bryant and Ellen were both there, ready to congratulate Denver Dick on his escape and listen to his account of Murdoch's death.

But little more remains to be told.

The fire was subdued by hard work and the town was saved, the blaze being confined mainly to the house where the explosion took place and the Telluride Hotel.

A party was sent to the Devil's Stairs, the rendezvous appointed by Red Murdoch for his men to meet him, but the place was deserted. It was concluded that Burl Yates, after escaping by way of the old mine, had given the alarm and that the remainder of the gang, now without their leader, had concluded that Telluride was too hot a place for them and had fled.

They did not return, and with Murdoch, or Jack the Strangler, out of the way, the town became quiet and peaceable once more.

Casey rebuilt his hotel, being aided by the Bryants, who found no more trouble in retaining possession of the Little Ellen mine, which soon began paying large dividends.

Remembering Murdoch's last words, Dick Gentry had the back cellar wall of Murdoch's house torn down, as it was unhurt by the explosion, and found not only another secret mode of exit from the house, but three skeletons, that were afterward identified as those of certain men of means from the East, with whom the boss had had dealings.

The large reward for Jack the Strangler was finally paid to the Colorado Sport, who departed for Denver, followed by the good wishes of all for having downed the toughs of Telluride, and thus made secure the future fortune of the town.

(The end.)

A Seaside Chat.

"How do you do?" said the man-o'-war as he sailed past the lightship Arabella B.

"Why, howdydo, Mr. Newsarge?" replied the lady lightship, waving her bow at him.

"How are you enjoying light housekeeping?" asked the man-o'-war, continuing his progress up the channel.

"Pretty well," she answered, "but it is so hard to keep my buoys behaving properly. I think two or three of them ran away last night. If you see any of them playing about in the channel please tell them to hurry home, won't you?"

"Oh, don't be too severe with them," urged the man-o'-war. "We older fellows can get along all right, even if they do try to play pranks on us. Remember that buoys will be buoys."

And he bade her farewell as he turned to salute the fortress gallantly.—Judge.

An Evident Absurdity.

Elsie—Miss Timmins told me today in the geography lesson that Stonehenge was over 2,000 years old.

Jack—What nonsense! Why, it's only 1903 now!

THE BLACK SHEEP.

BY LOUIE GLENN.

A pretentious house in a genteel uptown street, and a stylish lady very fashionably dressed, were the home and the mother of Fred Vincent.

A showily-dressed maid answered the summons of her mistress

"Are the children in from school yet, Martha?"

"No, ma'am—yes, I should say, for that's Master Charlie's ring now."

"Well, keep them downstairs until dinner; I want to finish this book in quiet."

Before Martha could get downstairs, the bounding steps of the romping, rosy-cheeked children, two boys and a girl, were heard on the stairs, and despite Martha's remonstrances they trooped into their mother's presence.

"Mamma, is dinner ready? I'm nearly starved!" and hats, books, straps and slates were thrown hither and thither on bed and chair.

"Mercy! children, you make me so nervous; do go down and play in the yard until dinner. But where's Fred?"

"Oh, kept in again, of course," said Will.

"'Twasn't his fault," spoke up little Charlie, who was Fred's champion when others blamed him. "Walter Brent was taken ill in school—so ill he could hardly walk, and Fred helped him home. When he came back he was too late for recitation in astronomy, and he was kept in for an hour as punishment. He won't beg off, as we do when we're called up, and he never cries, either, but he feels badly, I know, for he turned pale and fairly trembled, but never said a word."

"Yes, he's too stubborn to offer an excuse. That boy will worry my life out yet. He's so uncommunicative; so reserved—never comes and tells me his troubles, like other children. Ah, well! there always must be one black sheep in every flock, they say."

As these thoughtless words fell from the mother's lips, Fred, who had just come in, was passing the door.

No one but the sensitive boy knew what a pang they gave him. It was not the first time that he had heard the remark and had gone to his room, his heart sadly aching; and when, with burning brow, he made his appearance at table, his reticence was pronounced sulkiness, and he was often reprimanded for imaginary faults.

"Yes; I am the black sheep, surely. Oh! why do not my parents love me as they do Charlie, and Will, and Sister Sue? They never take half the pains to please that I do, yet they are always petted and excused if they don't want to do a thing; but no one cares for me—no one loves me—I'm so miserable, so unhappy!"

Thus year after year passed, and the misguided parents continued to utter their complaints about Fred's bad disposition—still called him the black sheep, and predicted that his career in life would be discreditable. He became discouraged and reckless, as his rebuffs and slights at home continued, until he grew up to manhood.

With such training he lost his self-respect, and in time was viewed as a morose, ungracious, cynical misanthrope.

His less gifted brothers were popular, and also successful in business, while people held aloof from Fred. He never was understood until too late to remedy the mistake.

Heart-broken and dispirited, he sought to bury in oblivion the knowledge of his wrongs by deep draughts of the intoxicating bowl. He died unpitied and unmourned—a poor, miserable drunkard.

As the last flicker of his life was dying out he roused from his stupor and quite unstrung his mother's nerves by exclaiming:

"Well, mother, the black sheep will soon be out of your way. God forgive you for the cruel words, but they have been my ruin! Had you encouraged me, given me your sympathy, or let words of kindness cheer my pathway as you did my brothers, I had not lain here dying of intemperance. I had no love for the stimulating draught, but it brought oblivion of my wrongs, and I drank it—drank it to drown my despairing thoughts."

Need we depict the agony and remorse of those parents as they consigned to the grave the remains of their lost son?

Fathers' mothers' take warning'

Watch carefully and tenderly the temperaments and dispositions of your children. Encourage them to confide in your willing ears all their trials or perplexities. Make no disparaging remarks to grieve or chill a sensitive nature.

Wisdom and discretion, tempered with love, are necessary to the proper training of your children, but, above all, have a care that partiality be banished from the hearthstone The well-doing and salvation of the precious charge committed by Providence to your care depends on your discharge of these duties.

Texts for Each Occasion.

The father of a 10-year-old youngster is not a strict prohibitionist; the son, like Young America generally, has his individual views on the temperance question. He belongs to a juvenile temperance society, which till lately has met with the approval of his parents.

One day not long ago the boy's father came in from a long drive with a friend. Both men were chilled, and the father mixed a hot toddy for both. As he was about to raise his glass to his lips his son came into the room and saw what was going on. He stepped forward heroically, raised his arm, and spoke:

"Stop, papa," said he, "stop and think.' 'Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging.'"

The father emptied his glass, and, taking his son by the arm, led him into an adjoining apartment. There he placed the young reformer face downward, across his knee and chastised him.

"My son," said he, "you will please commit to memory this saying, 'Honor thy father.' Also, 'Rebuke not thine elders.'"

Since then the youth has had hard doubts about the efficacy of golden texts.

What the Dog Looked Like.

A little girl thus described a dachshund she had seen: "It was one of those funny ones—you know, the ones that are a dog and a half long and half a dog high." Said the other: "You must know the sort. It is a dog that only has four legs, but looks as if it ought to have six." Public Opinion gives another definition of the same animal: "The dog with the Louis XIV. legs."

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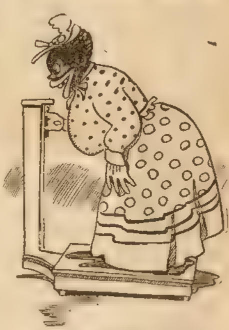

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Adrift on a Junk;

Or, Boy Sailors of the China Sea.

By St. George Rathborne.

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Begun in No. 30, July 25. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

THE TYPHOON ARRIVES ON TIME.

It was some time before Tressie recovered, and then only after Bob had trickled cold water upon her face.

The boys tried to comfort her with such assurances as they could manufacture, though both realized how slender the chances were that Captain Baxter and Mr. Atkins would either make land or run across some friendly vessel before the typhoon come. One never fully realizes how vast the ocean is until by some Providence he is cast away and searches the watery horizon day by day, week in and week out, for a sail.

Their own situation was not any too satisfactory, threatened with double peril as they were, and it required considerable thought on the part of the boys to arrange any sort of a plan; for at every sound they fully expected the mutineers were coming to force the door and make them prisoners, perhaps to consign them to the same fate that had been meted out to the captain, or something even worse should the more desperate element have gained control.

The morning passed without an alarm, showing that those whom they had good reason to fear were too busily engaged in examining and gloating over the spoils they had won to think of wasting time with other matters.

Julian was thankful for small matters, and hoped they might be kept busy a still longer time, though the end seemed inevitable.

He noticed that Tressie went to the opening a dozen times and looked out upon the tumbling waters. Poor child! It was not difficult to understand what was in her mind, and how she wondered as to the fate of the dear father thus sent adrift. She was a sailor's daughter, and accustomed to facing dangers of the deep, so that a storm in itself had little terror for her; but it was quite a different matter when a loved one was in a shell of a yawl, and only two pairs of hands to manage.

Julian himself felt that the chances of poor Baxter coming out of the adventure alive were exceedingly slim—indeed, for that matter, so were their own, according to the way things looked, even if they did have a staunch vessel under them, against which many a hurricane had beat in vain

So noon came and went with little change so far as their condition could be taken into consideration.

There was a change outside, though, which Julian noted with considerable apprehension—the heavens had clouded over, and from horizon to horizon an ugly pall now hung over them, while the wind came no longer in steady and refreshing draughts, but with hot puffs, as though from a furnace.

Bob, who had sailed these seas, knew full well what this meant from experience, even as his companion did through general observation. The typhoon, most dreaded of all the storms that buffet poor Jack about and threaten him with a watery grave, was about to burst upon them; and probably ere nightfall they would be in the grasp of a twister, hurled this way and that, pounded by savage seas and buried at times under their avalanche of foam-tossed water.

Under such conditions it behooved the new skipper to be alert, for should he allow strong drink to befuddle his wits in the least there would be small chance of the Wanderer surviving the tempest.

That was why Julian worried now.

The girl did not appear to be in the least concerned over their condition, all of her sympathy going out toward the parent whom she feared she had set eyes on for the last time, though Julian feared the same doom was about to overwhelm the brig and all on board.

About the middle of the afternoon the wind broke loose, and shrieked about the cordage of the vessel like a legion of fiends brought from below. Once in a while keen ears could detect shouts from the deck which reassured our alarmed friends a little, since it told them the crew had been on the alert, and were not caught napping by the storm.

Indeed, Julian knew this from the time the gale broke upon them, for had it been otherwise they must have perished in the first round.

The brig held up gallantly, and had Captain Baxter been on deck to give orders perhaps they would have weathered it in fair shape; but Mate Pandy, while good in his way, was not the equal of the old skipper, and sooner or later might make a blunder that would overwhelm them with disaster.

Night fell amid such riotous scenes as Julian had certainly never before beheld—even his boasted West Indian hurricane must take a back seat after this experience.

A dozen times he felt certain they were overwhelmed, and a spasm of dreadful alarm would seize upon his heart, for he was only a boy, after all, and life held much that was sweet to him. Twice, at least, he heard the crash of falling spars and knew that the wretched brig was being dismembered of her upper works, for she commenced to show a difference in her movements, wallowing in the seas like a great whale, having lost much of her buoyancy with such a sea-anchor dragging aft.

Few vessels could have stood the pounding thus received and Julian gave the old Wanderer credit for being what she was—a well-built ship.

Once he had opened the cabin door and made his way to the deck, but he found such utter chaos reigning there that he came back, resolved to meet whatever was impending in the company of the others; and when Bob and Tressie noted his white face in the light of the lamp which they contrived to keep burning, the hope which they had cherished flickered and went out, for they realized that their chances were not one in a thousand.

Julian believed he lived years that horrible night.

Again and again he shook his watch and held it to his ear, thinking it must have stopped, so slowly did the seconds turn into minutes and the latter crawl around to hours

He yearned for morning to come, though what difference that would make in their desperate situation he could not have told save that there is ever an additional terror in the gloom of night, and every mariner would, if given his choice, meet his fate while daylight showed him what he had to face

When the faint streak of an angry dawn did creep athwart the horizon, what a riotous scene it disclosed to the young eyes that looked so eagerly for signs of hope—the massive waves towered mountain high, rolling and pitching as far as the strained sight could see, and the brig, swept of her masts and spars lay like a log in the midst of this waste of waters.

All that day they were the sport of wind and wave, and knew not what moment might be their last, so that though Julian slept from sheer exhaustion, it was only to start up wildly when some unusually severe lurch of the wreck seemed to anticipate that their last minute had arrived

And now another night stretched out before them, with all its attendant horrors. Julian again crept out of the cabin to ascertain just what their chances might be, and if possible win some measure of sympathy from such of the crew as might have been saved from being swept overboard.

Never had human eyes gazed upon a more heart-breaking sight than that he found himself confronted with upon gaining the deck, after bursting open the door at the head of the companionway; the wreckage had been pretty well torn loose from time to time, assisted, doubtless, by axes in the hands of the sailors, but enough still dragged from the stubby bow of the brig to keep her head into the seas which, as Julian understood instantly had been the only thing that kept her from broaching-to long since, and foundering

He found a drenched member of the crew tied to a stanchion, though what good he was doing in his exposed position, save that he might give warning to his fellows below if the worst came, Julian could not for the life of him see; but he managed to exchange some sentences with the fellow ere being chased back by an incoming sea.

What he learned was not the most hopeful of news, for half of the crew had gone over in the many furious breaches of the sea, and the balance cowered under the hatches believing their time was only a matter of hours or minutes.

Surely no help could be expected from this quarter, since the men were in a panic, and at such times it becomes every one for himself. Little they cared now what became of the captain's daughter, and, as for the two lads, let them take their chances.

So Julian came back secretly discouraged, though he made out to appear a little more cheerful, hoping to dispel some of the gloom that had settled down upon the occupants of the cabin; but he could not deceive the bright eyes of the girl, though she understood his generous motive.

Even impending death may lose some of its terrors by familiarity, and as they had been worn out by their long vigil the three prisoners of the cabin fell asleep before the night was many hours old, nor did the most violent tossing of the ill-fated bark serve to startle two of them from their heavy slumber

Julian did awaken several times, and, finding that no change had taken place so far as he could tell, and that his companions still rested, he allowed himself to again drop off philosophically believing that if death were bound to embrace them it might just as well come during their sleep, since the agony would be less prolonged

When he opened his eyes for the third time he was puzzled to find that the darkness had given place to daylight.

Then they still floated, and another night had flown, with all its attendant horrors. His heart throbbed with thanksgiving because of the mercies thus bestowed; and what gave him still deeper cause for satisfaction was the fact that while the poor old brig tossed up and down almost as furiously as ever, the roar of the tempest was lacking

With a new hope struggling in his heart Julian sprang to his feet and hurried across the cabin to one of the bullseye windows, which he tore open with a trembling hand, for he felt as though fate hung in the balance.

What he saw brought a cry of pleasure to his lips, for the clouds were broken and signs of sunrise began to appear. The typhoon had passed over in half the time usually taken by such a hurricane, and by degrees the sea was going down, though it would take many hours ere it could entirely lose its turbulent character.

What of the brig? She floated still, it was true, but there was that in connection with her roll that told Julian plainly enough how water-loggeed she had become through the straining received in the storm after her masts went by the board and her seams were opened more or less. He knew she was not apt to hold out a great while longer, and that in all probability they would be compelled to trust themselves to a small boat, if so be one remained after the rush of water over the deck for forty hours.

The others had been aroused by his cry, and they, too, showed pleasure at the more hopeful prospect; for while the chances were still so decidedly slender, they offered such a contrast to what had faced them on the preceding night that hope began to grow again.

Even Tressie seemed to forget about her father for the time being, and let something like gladness shine upon her pale face, which fact gave Julian new courage, and he repeated his mental vow to stand by this forsaken girl while life remained.

They ate something with more relish than at any other time since their trouble began, and the mere act of taking nourishment served to imbue them with new strength and a spirit of hopefulness that did much to buoy them up in such a trying time.

A council of war was held, at which the situation could be discussed unreservedly, even Tressie taking part, for there had been occasions, as both Julian and his friend knew, when the advice of even a small girl had proven of value. Besides, she shared the danger with them, and it seemed only right that a portion of the responsibility should rest upon her shoulders.

It was decided that negotiations should be opened up with the mutineers at once, looking to a combination of forces. Up to the present the men had chosen to completely ignore the trio located in the cabin, because desperate conditions had faced them almost from the time the brig fell into their hands: but now that the cruel storm had snatched so many of their number away, and left them shorthanded, possibly they would be glad of an addition, and receive the two lads into full fellowship until land could be made, when the guilty ones could cut and run to avoid punishment

It was so easy to plan all this, sitting there about the table; nor did Julian doubt his ability to carry it into execution as he prepared to go forth and take his chances among the heathen

"Please be careful," said the child appealingly "because you know, I have so few friends I can't afford to lose even one "

Bob insisted upon thrusting some of his numerous bolos and yataghans into the sash Julian had fastened about his waist, because he said, it was only proper that the mutineers should be visibly impressed with the ferocious appearance of those who wished to join forces with them temporarily.

Thus accoutred Julian strode out of the cabin followed by last words of caution from Tressie and commendation from Bob, who seemed to place great confidence in the lad from America, his "cousin from over the sea," as he loved to call him.

Julian reached the deck, though with some difficulty, for the brig seemed to be settling to larboard, and it was evident that her cargo had shifted, as well as many leaks started He was surprised not to hear the pumps going for he had expected that the crew would try to keep the wreck afloat as long as possible, in the hope of sighting land.

Now he gained the forlorn deck, a wilderness of ruin, and looked around in wonder, for not a living soul was in sight, though he had surely heard men shouting not half an hour before. The dreadful truth broke upon him that they had gone off in the only boat saved from the storm, leaving the three young inmates of the cabin to shift for themselves upon the slowly foundering brig.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAKING AND MANNING A LIFE-RAFT.

Strangely enough, the first sensation which came to Julian upon discovering the cowardly flight of the crew was one of relief at getting rid of so undesirable an element. He had for so long been dreadfully worried over what some tipsy wretch might take it into his head to attempt that the fact of their disappearance was a positive satisfaction.

Then, as the full nature of their impending peril broke upon him, he began to experience a cold chill, especially when the water-logged brig gave a decided lurch as though preparatory to taking her last mad plunge.

Just how long she could remain afloat was a serious question, and it began to look as though time must be an important factor in determining whether they left the wreck or went down with it.

He looked upon the heaving water and found the waves no longer crested with foam, proving that by degrees they were losing their power to overwhelm any frail craft compelled by necessity to breast their fury

He saw nothing of the deserters, though he strained his eyes looking in the quarter whence they must have gone. Well, it was, after all, a good riddance of very bad rubbish, and for one Julian hoped never to set eyes upon the unsavory rascals again.

Still, he did begrudge them the only boat, and it seemed hard that with his two friends he should now be compelled to face so serious a problem in the transportation line.

Nevertheless, there were doubtless objects in plenty of which a stout and serviceable raft could be constructed, provided the builders were given a fair allotment of time, since such problems may not be solved in a jiffy.

It was essential, therefore, that he and Bob set to work with as little delay as possible, while Tressie skirmished around and got together such supplies of food as were to be found.

Julian, being but a young chap, had distinct memories of Robinson Crusoe's experiences on his beloved isle, and while realizing something of the magnitude of the task confronting him at the same time he could not but feel a little thrill of pleasure over the fact that he

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was thrown upon his own responsibility, and had serious problems to solve.

He had just turned with the idea of calling the others on deck, so that they, too, might realize what confronted them, when he heard some sort of movement forward, and caught a glimpse of a human head peeping above the coaming of the forward hatch.

The prospect of having to face the mutinous and ugly crew after all gave him a severe shock, and his hand involuntarily stretched out to secure some weapon from the strange assortment in his girdle, when to his delight the round object poked further into view, and he distinguished the well-known caput of Kwang Chow, queue and all, a broad grin upon his yellow phiz as he crawled hastily out upon the deck and advanced toward his friend.

Again Julian was overwhelmed by this evidence of devotion on the part of his humble Chinese admirer. Kwang could in all probability have found a seat in the boat that carried the balance of the crew away, and the temptation must have been strong within his pagan heart, yet he had resisted the same and ran away to hide in the forecastle or the swimming hold, so that they might not tempt or force him to flee, he preferring to remain and take his chances with Julian.

His warm reception by the overjoyed lad was reward enough for the stoical heathen, for Julian literally fell upon his neck, and, if he failed to weep as did Jacob of old when he found his long-lost son Joseph a ruler in Egypt, he at least showered the idolator with all manner of delightful phrases that must have been balm to his soul.

He did not question, believing that the facts were as plain as words could make them, and, besides, the necessity for haste in accomplishing their work of salvage pressed heavily upon him.

At his hail Bob and Tressie came hastily on deck, and when the warlike Briton first caught sight of the Chinaman in Julian's company he held in stays, so to speak, and made a few frantic grabs after the handiest cutlasses in his prize collection; whereat the other shouted out the truth and bade him rejoice that their number had been thus augmented by the addition of such a devoted fellow, with muscle to spare at their service.

And, indeed, the coming of Kwang was a godsend to the young marooners, for he excelled in strength, having been something of a local Sandow in his native community, so that any heavy burdens that had to be taken care of were playthings in his sight.

The others entered into the spirit of the thing, and there was some lively hustling about the littered deck of the old brig.

In the excitement of the hour Tressie seemed to forget her grief, and carried out her part of the business with neatness and dispatch, gathering quite a supply of food ready to be embarked upon the raft at such a time as necessity compelled them to embark.

Meanwhile, under Julian's instructions the three others were making rapid progress toward getting a rough but serviceable raft together. What they wanted was something that, while not a thing of beauty and a joy forever, would be capable of resisting the encroachments of the slapping waves, day by day, and even stand something of a blow if necessary.

Julian was a bit of a carpenter and capable of accomplishing things out of material that, in another's eyes, might have seemed meager enough; and as the tool chest happened to be above water he was able to seize upon such steel-shod implements of labor as best suited his purposes.

It sounded very odd to hear the merry clang of hammers upon the deck of that sinking old sea wanderer, mingled with the cheery calls of the workers; but under such driving as necessity compelled the thing took shape most marvelously, and Julian began to believe they would have plenty of time to complete the same with life-lines and even a rude mast, upon which a sail could be hoisted when the proper breeze blew.

It was policy for them to remain on the wreck just as long as it would be safe to do so, since the sea was growing less turbulent with every passing hour; at the same time, great care must be taken lest they overdo this and go to a point beyond what caution might dictate, for should they unfortunately linger until the brig was whelmed in the watery flood the chances would be exceedingly slim for both them and their sturdy raft.

Accordingly, it had been constructed on the leeward side with several objects in view, proving that the architect kept his wits about him and certainly did not mean to fall into the same error that attended the first attempt of poor old Robinson to construct a boat, which he had to abandon because it was too bulky for him to budge. Here the raft could be thrown into the sea by their united force, and when freed from its controlling rope would be carried away from the side of the doomed vessel by wind and wave; whereas, had it been drawn upon the windward side the suction might have held it up against the brig until drawn down with the final plunge.

A keg of fresh water was securely lashed upon the float, after which they tumbled it over the side, Julian following in hot haste in order that, with the help of an oar, he might fend off, if necessary, to prevent any serious collision between the float and the side of the settling brig.

His judgment told him that to remain longer would be the part of folly, as the time must be close at hand when the vessel would go under. Accordingly, the others passed down the food and other bundles, which he placed in the center of the raft until Bob could spring aboard and secure them.

After that it only remained for Tressie to be assisted over the gap, and this was done without much trouble, though the wreck made a suspicious move or two that sent Julian's heart almost into his throat, under the impression that they had lingered a little too long.

"Jump.for it, Kwang!" he shouted, starting to unfasten the rope that held them to the doomed vessel; and while possibly the Celestial might not have fully understood the exact words thrown at him, he could comprehend what the necessities of the case demanded, for he made a flying leap that landed him on the raft on all fours, just as the influence of the eddy began to swing them to leeward, assisted, of course, by the lusty strokes of both boys, who had snatched up oars to help propel the clumsy craft.

Julian breathed easier when they had put a safe distance between themselves and the object of their anxiety, so that they were beyond any possible influence of the whirlpool that would be created when the final act occurred.

They rose and fell upon the bosom of the still troubled sea, and all eyes remained glued upon the sinking brig; although nothing less could be expected under the circumstances, when the water actually closed above the ill-fated Wanderer, and the last trace of her vanished from their view with an almost human sob, all of them were visibly affected, and pale faces were turned upon each other.

A few bits of flotsam and that was all, for the brave old ship that had so long defied the fury of the wildest storms was sinking to the universal graveyard of her kind, where, as the centuries rolled on, the strange fishes and other denizens of the lower depths of the ocean might play at hide-and-seek amid her skeleton ribs.

Knowing that it was necessary for them to keep a brave heart and not allow any symptom of despair to find a lodgment thus early in the affair, Julian assumed a cheerfulness he was far from feeling, and managed to buoy up the spirits of his fellow voyagers.

The future was an impenetrable mystery, and yet they must have faith to believe that they would not be allowed to perish if they did their part well.

The sail was soon thrown to the breeze, and while for a time it became a serious problem how the clumsy raft might be steered, a boy's ingenuity on the part of Sailor Bob remedied this defect, so that in the end they were gliding along at quite a fair pace, rising and falling gently upon the heaving bosom of the vast deep.

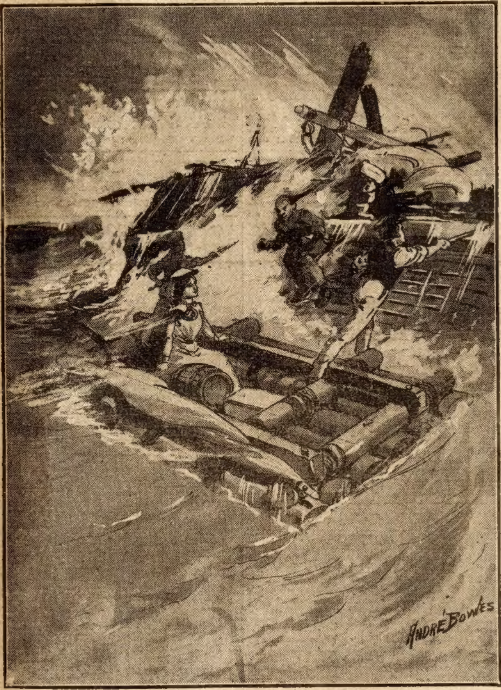
Tressie, finding that things moved so smoothly, yielded to the urging of her protectors and tried the couch they fitted up near the center of the float, utilizing some of the rugs brought from the brig; she needed rest after all the excitement of the last few days and nights when sleep had utterly refused to visit her weary eyes.

Julian sat with his back up against the mast, planning improvements and trying to figure out just what they should do in order to find safety. It was possible to head in a measure for the west, where the coast lay, though no one knew whether they were one or five hundred miles away from the shore, such had been the violence of the storm, and their ignorance while shut up in the cabin as to the direction it was driving the brig.

He had secured some of the captain's instruments, and while not altogether confident as to his ability to take an observation with accuracy, still he meant to make the attempt when high noon came; he had watched others carry out the program many times, and asked questions with a Yankee boy's natural curiosity, so that he was in possession of the main facts.

One thing he did not enjoy thinking about in the least, and that was the possibility of another storm; yet it was a condition that they might have to face sooner or later, for the hurricane season was upon the China Sea, when these terrible twisters followed each other with only a certain interval between.

Nothing could be done to make their condition more secure in such an event, and they



"Jump for it, Wang!" he shouted.

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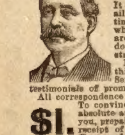

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must place their dependence on the Great Captain above. If days elapsed ere another blast became due they would at least have some chance for finding an opportunity for a change of base.

Once he stood up, holding by the stout stick that served as a mast, and searched in every direction for signs of either land or a sail; but absolutely nothing rewarded him save some low-flying birds that he took to be members of the albatross species, found even in mid-ocean, since they rest upon the heaving wave and delight in the howling gale, just as does the story petrel.

As noon drew near the ocean had gone down considerably, and there was now nothing to hinder an observation in any direction, since they no longer rose upon great rollers.

Tressie had awakened much refreshed and was asking numerous questions of Julian, which the lad answered with considerable diplomacy, since it was his sincere design to comfort the girl without deviating from the truth; so that while he spoke cheerfully, and by word and act inspired his companions with hope, at the same time he put the situation plainly before them, that one and all might realize just how serious their condition might be, and how important that they keep a constant lookout for succor.

Bob took care of the lunch question; indeed, Julian had some qualms of fear regarding the advisability of allowing the hearty English lad full swing with regard to the larder, knowing, as he did, the generous nature he possessed, and also the fact that should it become necessary for them to economize in the matter of provisions, Bob would be a poor hand at the helm.

When they had refreshed themselves after a fashion Julian gravely set about his task, while the others looked on with no little anxiety, for upon the result much depended.

After the observation had been carried out with scrupulous exactness the young skipper sat him down and began to figure industriously with pencil and paper, going over the problem several times in order to prove himself correct, after which he quietly announced that he had made them out to be some two hundred miles off the Chinese Coast, equally distant from the great island of Hainan to the south, with Uncle Sam's new possessions in the shape of the Philippines far to the east and southeast; that they were almost directly on the twentieth degree of latitude, and as near as he could figure something like one hundred and thirteen or fourteen degrees in longitude east of Greenwich, which announcement pleased Bob so greatly that he must needs swing his hat and cheer lustily.

Another installment of this interesting story of adventure in the far East will appear in next week's Ledger. Each subscriber, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen, is entitled to our free cameras and patterns.

The Facts About Our Cow.

BY MAX ADELER.

Last summer we bought a cow, so that we could have our own milk, and make our own butter, and get fresh cream for our coffee. She was a red and white cow, with twisted horns, and the man who sold her to me said she was a capital milker, and that she had a splendid appetite. He said that she was the easiest cow with her feed that he ever saw; she would eat almost anything, and she was generally hungry.

At the end of the first week after she came we concluded to churn. The hired man spent the whole day at the crank, and about sunset the butter came. We got it out and found that there was almost half a pound. Then I began to see how economical it was to make our own butter. A half pound at the store cost twenty cents. The wages of that man for one day were two dollars, and so our butter was costing us about four dollars a pound without the keep of the cow. When we tried the butter it was so poor that we couldn't eat it, and I gave it to the man to grease the wheelbarrow with. It seemed somewhat luxurious and princely to maintain a cow for the purpose of supplying grease at four dollars a pound for the wheelbarrow; but it was hard to see precisely where the profit came in. After about a fortnight our cow seemed so unhappy in the stable that we turned her out in the yard.

The first night she was loose she upset the grape arbor with her horns, and ate four young peach trees and a dwarf pear tree down to the roots. The next day we gave her as much hay as she could eat, and it seemed likely that her appetite was appeased. But an hour or two afterward she swallowed six croquet balls that were lying upon the grass, and ate half of a tablecloth and a pair of drawers from the clothes-line. That evening her milk seemed thin, and I attributed it to the indigestibility of the tablecloth.

During the night she must have got to walking in her sleep, for she climbed over the fence and hooked two of Cooley's pigs that were lying in the garden, and when she was discovered she was swallowing one of Mrs. Cooley's waterproof skirts. That evening she ran dry and didn't give any milk at all. I suppose the exercise she had taken must have been too severe, and probably the waterproof skirt was not sufficiently nutritious. It was comforting, however, to reflect that she was less expensive from the latter point of view when she was dry than when she was fresh. Next morning she ate the spout off the watering pot, and then put her head in at the kitchen window and devoured two dinner plates and the cream jug. Then she went out and lay down on our best strawberry bed to think. While there something about Cooley's boy seemed to exasperate her, and when he came over into our yard after his ball she inserted her horns in his trousers and flung him across the fence. Then she went to the stable and ate a litter of pups and three feet of trace chain.

I felt certain that her former owner didn't deceive me when he said her appetite was good. She had hunger enough for a drove of cattle and a couple of flocks of sheep. That day I went after the butcher to get him to buy her. When I returned with him she had just eaten the monkey wrench and the screw driver, and she was trying to put away a fence paling. The butcher said she was a fair enough sort of cow, but she was too thin. He said he would buy her if I would feed her up and fatten her; and I said I would try.

That night we gave her food enough for four cows, and she consumed it as if she had been upon half rations for a month. When she finished, she got up, reached for the hired man's straw hat, ate it, and then bolting out into the garden, she put away our honeysuckle vine, a coil of India rubber hose, and the knob of the smoke house door. The man said that if it was his cow he would kill her; and I told him he had perhaps better just knock her on the head in the morning.

During the night she had another attack of somnambulism, and while wandering about she ate the doormat from the front porch, bit off all the fancy work on top of the cast-iron gate, swallowed six loose bricks that were piled up against the house, and then had a fit among our rose bushes. When we came down in the morning she seemed to be breathing her last, but she had strength enough left to seize a newspaper that I held in my hand, and when that was down she gave three or four kicks and rolled over and expired. It cost me three dollars to have the carcass removed. Since then we have bought our butter and milk, and given up all kinds of live stock.

Beauty Hints for Men.

By X. Sopht Mudd.

If your nose is inclined to take on a ruddier hue than you think compatible with beauty, try a preparation made of lamp black, tar and linseed oil. Apply the mixture and allow it to remain on the nose as long as you like. So long as the paint is on the red will not show.

If you have a bald spot on the top of your head it is a good plan to have the barber curl the hair all around the place. Spit curls are very effective if they are pasted down flat to the bald spot.

If your ears have begun to lop at the top from wearing your hat pulled down too low, stick them to the side of your head with a good strong glue. In two or three years you can overcome any tendency to loppiness.

If your nose is not situated in the right part of your face have it removed and set where it will look the best. Surgeons can do most anything these days.

If your lips are too thin, insert a pneumatic tube and blow them up. Seal the aperture until it is healed and your lips will look ripe and luscious in no time.

If your neck is too long for the remainder of your body, quit rubbering so much. You might try standing on your head about ten hours a day and if your head is inclined to run to a peak this will be remedied at the same time.

When your whiskers are inclined to be too curly, tie a weight on each hair at night. This will effect a cure in no time.

If your hair is one color, your eyebrows another and your whiskers still another, never mind. Variety is the spice of life and you are sure to attract much attention.

If your mouth is too large, have the corners sewed up and allow your mustache to droop down over the sides.

If you are inclined to be stoop-shouldered, sleep on your back on a barrel several nights each week.

When you wish to look particularly pale before going to a party it is advisable to have a person frighten you badly before you go. A bill collector or any other bandit might accommodate you.

Bathe frequently in honey with champagne added and your complexion will become as white as that of a corpse.

A Color Question.

Judge Pettigrew of South Carolina, was once practicing before a judge who was a great stickler for etiquette, and when, one hot day in July, Pettigrew came into the court room in a black coat and yellow nankeen trousers, the judge took him to task, asking him whether he did not know that the rules of the court required its counselors to appear in "black coat and trousers."

"Well, your honor," said Pettigrew, innocently, "I submit that I am within the rule, for I have on black coat and trousers."

"But they are not black trousers," insisted the judge; "'black coat and trousers' means that both shall be black."

"Then," said Pettigrew, "I call your honor's attention to the fact that the sheriff of this court is in contempt of its rules, for they require him to attend upon its sessions in a 'cocked hat and sword,' and while his hat seems to be cocked, his sword certainly is not."

The judge said no more about the trousers.

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A Delay.

A man who was walking along a country road was greatly surprised to find an Irishman perched upon a sign post bearing a finger pointing north, below which was written: "This will take you to Malvern."

"What are you up there for?" asked the man.

"Faith," said the other, "I've been sitting here for two hours and I'm a wondering when it's going to start."

His Dog Couldn't Read.

An old negro of Joplin was complaining about losing his dog when his employer asked him why he didn't advertise for the animal in the newspapers. "Dat wouldn't do no good," returned the old man. "Why not?" asked his employer. "Well, sah, dat dog kain't read," responded the old negro.

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Seven years ago the State of Illinois granted to the Physicians' Institute of Chicago a charter.

There was need of something above the ordinary method of treatment for chronic diseases, something more than any one specialist or any number of specialists acting independently could do, so the State itself, under the powers granted it by its general laws, gave the power to the Physicians' Institute to furnish to the sick such help as would make them well and strong.

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Singularitie.

Smuggling was carried on with great boldness in England a century ago. When Samuel Pellew was appointed collector of customs at Falmouth early last century he found corruption the chief characteristic of the service. One day he surprised a party of his own men attempting to smuggle in a cargo of wine in broad daylight. Pellew, who was a conscientious man, so worried the smugglers that they threatened his life repeatedly and posted bills offering a reward for his assassination. One smuggler, who kept a public house, erected a battery of guns to defend his illicit goods and when a sloop of war exhibited what he considered a too inquisitive spirit actually fired on her. The vessel's guns were too low to reply with effect, but her crew landed in boats, attacked the house in the rear and leveled it to the ground.

Commenting on an appropriation of $25,000 made the other day by the London County Council for the purchase of flower bulbs for the parks the London Chronicle says: "It is impossible to say how many hundreds of thousands of daffodils, tulips, snowdrops, crocus, iris and hyacinths the County Council will get for the money, but one may estimate how few single specimens might be bought for that sum. Thus, if the parks committee put all the money in the large new white trumpet daffodil 'Peter Barr,' offered for the first time last spring, they would get only nine bulbs; while if their patriotic instinct decided them to invest in 'Lord Roberts' (yellow trumpet) at 12 guineas a head they would be lucky to get forty.'"

A recent issue of the London Lancet dwells on the dietetic advantages of coffee. Those whose digestion is disturbed by drinking hot coffee are advised to make use of its stimulating properties by taking it in the form of jelly. A clear coffee jelly after dinner is said to be every bit as good as the hot infusion, while it is free from some of its drawbacks. Coffee, unlike alcohol, diminishes organic waste and rouses the muscular energy without the collapse which follows alcoholic inhibition and gelatin in the form of jelly is cooling, assuages thirst, is soothing and has a tendency to absorb any excessive acidity of the stomach.

He Had Taken His Nap.

The friendly and familiar atmosphere of the average small rural Western church smoetimes gives rise to embarrassments. Doctor David is a prominent man in a little far Western church and he generally takes a quiet little doze during the sermon. Sister Sarah is an elderly, long-winded woman, who likes to "exhort" after the preacher has concluded his remarks. Not long ago, at a night service, Sister Sarah arose and discoursed at great length. The listeners became visibly restive. Doctor David also arose and said, bluntly:

"Sister Sarah, it would be an imposition to detain this congregation any longer."

With flashing eyes Sister Sarah retorted: "'Tain't no impersition on you, Doctor; you've tuck your nap."

Then the clergyman, with uplifted hands, said benignly: "Let us be dismissed."

Never Knew It Before.

A burly old skipper and his scarcely less burly mate, feeling hungry on coming on shore, went into a restaurant at Southampton and ordered a "table dotty" dinner. In a few minutes a waiter approached, and, with considerable flourish, placed a plate of thin watery-looking liquid before each of them.

"Hi, me lad, wot's this stuff?" shouted the captain, gazing in amazement at the concoction under his nose.

"Soup, sir," replied the waiter.

"Soup!" shouted the old sea dog. "Soup! By gum, Bill"—turning to the mate—"just think of that! 'Ere's you and me been sailing on soup orl our lives and never knowed it till now."

Prepared.

"How does your nephew like it out in Kansas?"

"He likes it well enough I guess. He writes me that he's going to stay there. He's got both a tornado cave and a flood tower on his farm."

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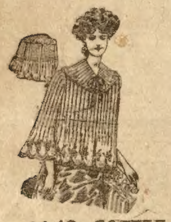
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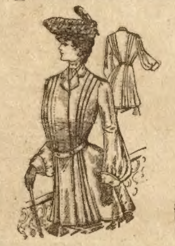
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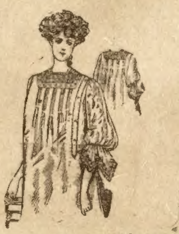
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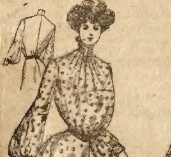
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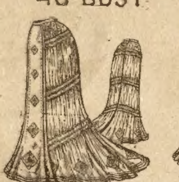
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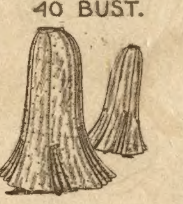
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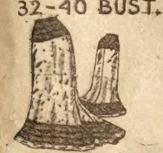
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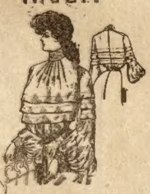
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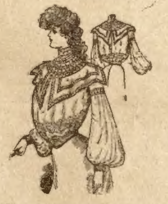
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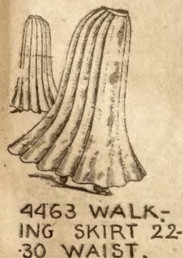
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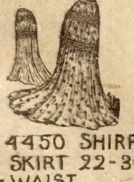
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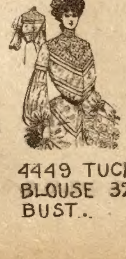
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FOR YOUTHFUL EYES.

Story of a Shilling.

The uncle of Wilfrid MacGregor
To Wilfrid presented one day
A beautiful silvery shilling,
To "spend in a sensible way."
And Wilfrid sat down to consider
(His elbows supporting his head.)
And: "What shall I do with my shilling?"
He thoughtfully said.

"It's hardly enough for a rabbit,
Though a rabbit is what I should like,
And I know it is quite insufficient
To purchase a juvenile bike.
But are there not plenty and plenty
Of things that a shilling will buy?
Of course. Yet I cannot recall them,"
He said with a sigh.

"A book? No, I don't care for reading.
Some sweets? They would last me all day;
Ah, no! Uncle gave me the shilling
To 'spend in a sensible way.'
He says that the sweets are soon eaten,
And no great advantage is shown.
Then what shall I do with my shilling?"
He cried with a groan.

"The kite that I wanted so badly
(It is such a beautiful thing,)
He says would get tangled and broken
Between its own tail and the string.
O, bother! I'm weary of thinking,
And that's what I mean when I say
It's horrid to spend any money
In a 'sensible way.' "

The Age of Cats.

Herr Pohl, president of the German Society for the Protection of Cats, has just published the result of his investigations in regard to the age which it is possible for these animals to attain. Cats, he says, are like human beings in one respect—the more peaceful and better regulated their lives are the longer they are likely to live. As a proof he points out that a favorite cat in the royal palace of Nymphenburg has lived to be 42 years old, and consequently may fairly claim to be considered the dean of cats in Germany.

Turned the Tables.

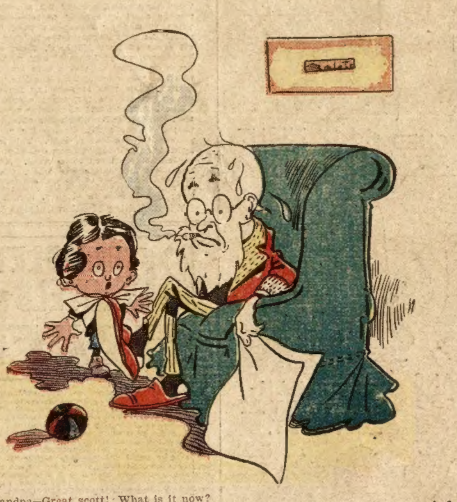
A little cotton-tail rabbit turned the tables on a party of hunters recently in a rather tragic manner. The Sunny South tells the story of how the hunted creature became the successful hunter.

Louis Fries, a boy of 15, with his father, Peter Fries, and Chris Riech, went out for a little sport. They had walked a mile or two into the woods when a rabbit was started. The dog kept between them and the rabbit till the rabbit's burrow was reached.

The boy reached the burrow first. He laid his gun, which was cocked, upon the ground, and, securing a long pole, began punching into the hole where the rabbit had disappeared. The rabbit, finding this procedure disagreeable, leaped from the hole so suddenly as to startle the boy and confuse the dog.

At the first bound the rabbit's foot struck the trigger of the gun. The force of the blow was sufficient to discharge the gun, and the load of shot entered young Fries' left thigh. The range was short, and the shot went into the boy in a bunch, making a wound that required an improvised tourniquet to prevent death from hemorrhage.

POSER FOR GRANDDAD.



Grandpa—Great scott! What is it now?
Willie—I only wanted to know if I wus born twins what would my other name be?

A Small Scholar's Wish.

I'll tell you what I'd like to do,
I'd like to live next door to a zoo!
Then the animals I'd have for chums,
And I'd get the adder to do my sums,
And when I'd a task in geography
The kangaroo would bound for me;
The seal would seal my letters, you see,
And the monkey steal dates from the history!
The elephant would lend me his trunk, I know,
When off on my travels I wished to go;
I'd send the eagles and fly the kites,
And the tapir would light my room o' nights;
I should have great fun, I think, don't you?
If I only lived next door to a zoo.

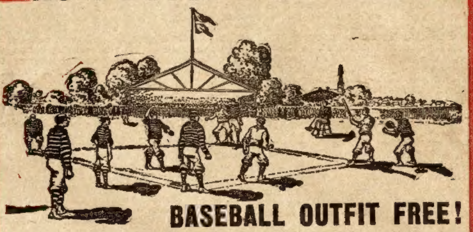
What Would the World Say?

"Willie, dear, I wish you wouldn't go yachting on Sunday."

"Why, mamma, is it any worse than taking a ride on the trolley cars?"

"To be sure it is. Think how this would look in the papers—'William Upjohn was drowned while taking a sail in his yacht last Sunday!' "

NOW BOYS! PLAY BALL!



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Form a Baseball Club Get nine boys in your locality and organize a baseball club for the summer. Let each boy earn his share in this large outfit by selling four pieces of jewelry. This will take but a few minutes of each boy's time, and will be a source of enjoyment for the whole summer season. We will guarantee you honorable treatment and shall expect you to treat us the same. Such an offer as we make you has never been made before by any reliable concern. Your credit is good with us and we will trust you for the JEWELRY until you have sold it. Write today. Address us this way

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Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C C C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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